

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE



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SEPTEMBER 1939

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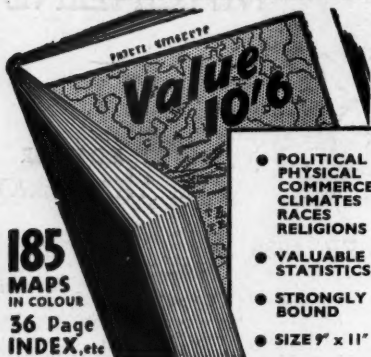
LONDON: JOHN MURRAY, 50 ALBEMARLE STREET, W.1.
NEW YORK: THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS CO., 131 VARICK STREET, N.Y.

Published Monthly, price 1s. 6d. net. Annual Subscription, 20s., post free,
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Second Printing

LONDON : JOHN MURRAY

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER 1939.

HANGUL.

THE STORY OF A STAG.

BY LT.-COL. C. H. STOCKLEY.

A DARK bulging cloud swept up the Liddar Valley, met the cold air from the snows above, and showered its contents along the pine-clad hillside. It passed and the sun came out, lighting the glittering drops on golden-brown bracken, creating a gorgeous rainbow, and making the tents of the little camp on the edge of the grassy plateau, which Kashmiris call a *marg*, stand out white as new snow against the dark green of the forest.

A chill breeze shook a pattering shower of raindrops on to the taut canvas as the Hunter emerged from his tent to enjoy the bite of an October evening in Kashmir. As he did so his shikari came out of the smaller tent, which he shared with his nephew the tiffin cooli, and stood stretching and blinking after an afternoon spent in his blankets.

Suddenly their heads jerked up and they stiffened, the shikari in the middle of a stretch, his mouth half open, the Hunter with his thumb still pressing into the bowl of a half-filled pipe.

'Aunghr-r-r-R-R-R-ee-o !'

The resonant blare swelled, changed to a short siren scream, and shut off suddenly.

'Big stag, Ramzana,' said the Hunter. 'Came from that knob up there I think.' Pointing with the stem of his pipe to a projecting lump on a big ridge to the north-east.

'It might be a good stag, Sahib, but not a very old one,

or the call would not have ended with that whistle. We will look for him. . . . Ah, that is better,' as a deep low moan came from the same place, 'a stag in his prime ; only a big *hangul* calls like that.'

'He's bigger than that fellow, anyway,' said the Hunter, nodding towards the head of a ten-pointer which hung across the ridge-pole of his tent, 'and to-morrow is our last day, Ramzana.'

'Can you not stay another day, Sahib ?'

'Nothing doing. Got to be back in Kohat by the fifteenth. It's to-morrow or next year for a big head.'

'It shall be to-morrow, Inshallah.'

They got out the telescope and field-glasses, and made out some hinds feeding at the edge of the trees, but though these soon moved out into the middle of an open grassy slope, it was dusk before the stag showed near them ; and it was then too dark to see more than that he carried a fine head.

While watching they discussed their plan of action for the morrow.

To the north-west the upper hills broke into grey granite cliffs ; ground too bad for the Kashmir Stag, or *hangul* as they are locally called. But between these cliffs and the knob from which the stag had called, a long ridge curved steeply up north-eastward, to join the main feature of the knob high above it. To the east of this junction lay little rounded slopes of scattered pines, with grassy dips between, all trending away to join the dark wall of forest which rose from Mondlon village to the skyline ; the white peaks of Kolahoi showing over the top, clear and hard against the rain-washed evening sky.

It was the big ridge to the north-west they proposed using in the early morning. About two thousand five hundred feet to the top ; say two and a half hours, allowing for an

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occasional stop to search for beasts, and another half-hour for accidents. By leaving camp at five o'clock they would be above their ground shortly after seven, with the wind just changing to blow uphill. It was among the dips and hollows to the east that they hoped to find the deer feeding on the short sweet grass, crisped and warmed by the lately risen sun.

Half-past four in the black of the morning found the Hunter consuming a good breakfast, stoking up for the day, and at five the little party of four (shikari, tiffin-cooli and village guide were the other three) left camp and set out to plod up the steep track through the forest. It was warm amongst the trees, and long before the light was fully come the Hunter had shed his coat and cardigan, and was plugging up hill with them over his arm.

About half-past six they reached a jumble of rocks level with the previous night's position of the stag, and crawled out to the edge to examine the grassy ravine beyond. A hind and her fawn were there, nosing amidst a patch of sorrel for some special dainty, and they delayed a little to make sure that the stag was not concealed nearby : but a ten minutes' watch showed nothing more, so they went on.

Near the top of the main ridge the trees thinned and there were some patches of undergrowth. From one of the thickest of these patches bounded a little bristly-coated musk deer and, making downhill in a series of jerky leaps, created some excitement as to whether it was not going to cross below the favourable slopes to the east, and so warn any deer which might be feeding there : but their minds were relieved to see the little beast turn in the other direction, towards the bad ground.

They pushed on up the hill. There was a slope of grass

above the broken cliffs to the west and behind a wall of rock to their left, and this had to be examined. It was a possible and not a probable find, for it faced north-west and, in a wet year like this of 1913, it would be rank and full of docks through want of sunlight. Still no chance could be left unexplored and, when it was found untenanted, they went on, with hope in the ascendant, eastwards along the foot of the grey crags and about a hundred yards above the scanty birches which topped the dark wall of pines.

They moved now at about eleven thousand feet, and the deeper fissures of the limestone still held old snow, from which trickled tiny rivulets, nurturing primulas, rhubarb and saxifrage at the foot of the rocks ; then, passing down between rounded slopes of grass dotted with ragwort and thistles, united to vanish in the deeper shaded gullies below, amid a tangled riot of angelica, hemlock and other water-loving plants.

Half-past seven now, and the Hunter called a halt. The wind was still a little uncertain and another twenty minutes should find it blowing dependably uphill, so the rifle was taken from its case and examined, the magazine charged, and the sights cleaned of all dust. A position was chosen for the tiffin-cooli and the village guide to occupy, until the ground in front were examined and they were signalled to come on. Pieces of fluff were pulled from tweed coats, and no advance was made until the filaments floated away on a definite uphill current when released. Then another move was made.

The two men had topped the next little ridge when Ramzana pulled his Sahib's sleeve and pointed downward to their right. A female black bear and her two half-grown cubs were feeding in the rank growth of a soggy hollow a hundred and fifty yards below. At the moment they were

busily engaged in pulling a rotten log to pieces in search of beetle grubs, and suspected nothing ; but if the wind had not been steady, they would have been galloping hard downhill by now, in full sight of the Hunter's land of promise.

Bears have keen noses but poor eyesight, so it was easy to go a few yards higher up, slip over a slight rise and into the fold of ground which covered them across the next dip and up to the ridge beyond. Over this and another furlong onward took them to a knoll carrying a few stunted birches, whose frost-nipped leaves hung on sapless twigs, or lay in golden profusion on the ground below.

Crouching through the copse, they found a pulpit-shaped rock on the farther side, lying on top of which, and hidden by a twisted rowan tree, they could command half a mile of country, much like Exmoor tilted at an angle of forty degrees.

Right in the middle of this fed three hinds, cropping the grass on a rounded knoll. In the next dip beyond them a dark spot indicated the head of a fourth, while another moved into view from an unsuspected hollow below.

Where was the stag ?

All the surrounding ground was searched, at first without success. Then a big round stern showed through a gap between the highest of some scattered pines ; then half a horn. A stag anyway.

The telescope came out to replace the field-glasses, and a minute later the beast shifted slightly and the Hunter exclaimed :—

‘Forty-two or forty-three inches and eleven points, Ramzana.’

The shikari muttered and looked troubled, and well he might. The stag was five hundred yards away, the nearest hind two hundred closer in and well above him : the farthest

hind as much above and beyond him. And the wind was uphill.

From whatever direction a stalk might be attempted, a watchful hind was bound to see them or get their wind before they could get within range.

The problem, which was at the moment insoluble, resolved itself into a question as to whether the nearest hinds would move into a more favourable position before the stag went back into the forest to lie down for the day : patience was the only thing.

The stag moved a little, clear of the trees, and it was obvious what a fine beast he was. Not very old, judging by his tops, he was a dark liver-coloured stag, not the more usual grey ; and had a coat so sleek that it almost looked as if it had been watered. A fine wide pair of horns, strong in the beam, with six points on the left side and five on the right. He would probably continue to increase in length and number of points for another two years.

The lord of the harem ceased feeding and began rounding up his hinds, driving four more, hitherto unseen, from various depressions ; so that he had nine. Then, to the watchers' delight, he came to the conclusion that the hinds nearest to them were too far from the others, and came trotting up, stopping twice with horns laid back to blare defiance to a stag whose challenge sounded faintly from far away beyond him, then drove the apparently uninterested ladies back to join the others.

Several times the Hunter was tempted to try a long shot, but the old tyrant never kept still for long enough. Now they could get on with the stalk.

Crawling back behind their birch copse, the two slid downhill along a little gutter, until they were under cover of the topmost clump of pines on the ridge between them and the

deer. Then straight along the hillside, over a slight rise, into a grassy dell beyond, until at last they reached the desired clump. They crept through carefully and reached the shelter of a huge projecting root, over which the Hunter raised his head just high enough to see the rising ground beyond.

The stag had returned to the cover of the trees, and was standing with just his head showing beyond the trunk of the uppermost pine. Above him were the hinds, two of them lying down, and six grazing peacefully ; but the remaining one was thirty yards to the left of the others and was staring intently downhill in the Hunter's direction.

What was the trouble ?

Ramzana was behind him and out of sight, in fact had not yet seen the deer. The wind seemed quite steady, and the ground above was too open to cause back-eddies.

Suddenly Ramzana pulled his foot and pointed down, and across this open ground, fled the family of bears which they had left feeding peacefully half a mile back.

The tiffin-cooli and local man, impatient over the long wait, had disobeyed orders and come forward to see what was happening. They were right out in the open above the bears before they saw them, and the family party was already going hard by then.

The Hunter swore heartily, as the single hind moved on farther across the hillside above and to his left. The heads of the rest went up, and another hind trotted across to join the first, both standing with ears pricked forward and their keen eyes searching for hidden enemies. Ramzana was bound to be seen in a few seconds, but there was just a chance of a shot at the stag if he moved clear of the trees before bolting.

'Wow ! Wow !' A sharp bark from each of the hinds.

The stag swung round and faced downhill. He would be gone in a few seconds, and a tree still covered his body, only his head and neck showing outside it.

The last chance. One hundred and eighty yards and a small mark. The hinds were beginning to trot down the hill.

Rest the left hand on the tree-root ; a careful bead on the base of the neck, and steady squeeze of the trigger.

‘Bang !’

The stag leapt forward spasmodically, wheeled to the left and plunged downhill out of sight, the hinds galloping madly after him. ‘Nicked in the crest, confound it !’

The tracks were followed to where the stag had torn through some birches : high on the underside of a leaf was a tiny smear of blood. A short distance beyond this he had slowed to a steady trot ; the tracks showing even-spaced with little dirt thrown forward from the toes.

‘No good, Ramzana. Back to camp and pack up.’

‘He will have a better pair of horns next year, when we shall bag him, Inshallah !’

But next year there was a war.

.

1919.

An old stag was grazing high up at the edge of the tree-line. Round him, scattered amidst the bracken were seven hinds.

Twenty years before he had first seen the light of an April day in a quiet glen of the valley below.

An ungainly little white-spotted calf, he had spent most of his first two days of life lying in the shelter of a patch of hazels, occasionally staggering about on absurdly long legs, his mother keeping anxious watch. Every now and then she

would lick him steadily all over, her caressing tongue sending the warm blood hurrying through his veins, giving life and vigour to his baby limbs.

At last he was strong enough to move off with her, and they went slowly up the hillside, the mother feeding most of the day on the new sweet grass, the calf occasionally trotting round her, kicking up his heels in new found energy, returning to her side for milk, and never venturing far from her.

When he was about ten days old they met another hind with a calf at foot, and joined forces. In another week they had added two more to their party ; an old barren beast and a yearling hind.

In May the Gujars arrived with their sheep and goats, and drove them steadily upwards, until they fed among the birch and dwarf rhododendron at the top of the forest and in the little glades between the ridges, where the shade from the firs on either side kept the grass rich and green.

It was a good year, and the first year of a stag's life is the one which matters most. There were light showers in May to bring the grass along, and fine warm days in June and July until the thunder showers of August cooled the sultry air, and the rains of September stimulated the flagging vegetation and brought crisp coolness into the evening breeze.

It was the end of September when the calf first saw his father. The little band had crossed over to the shady southern side of the valley in late July, climbing the rocky ravine of Gandapathri, then took to feeding on the moors above the trees. It was cooler there, and the sheep did not come up that way, while the grass grew thick and satisfying in the shade of the rocks and between the stunted shrubs. They had been there two months or more, when, one fresh morning shortly after sunrise, a stag bellowed from a ridge-

top to the north, and the hinds all lifted their heads to stare. Soon a moving blot resolved itself into a great beast coming towards them at a fast walk, sometimes breaking into a trot. As he came nearer he stopped now and then and roared a challenge ; but receiving no answer, came straight to the hinds and took possession.

The calf gazed at his sire, not knowing him as such, admiring the wide-spread horns, heavy with six long points a side (for the stag was a grand 'royal' with forty-five-inch horns), then ran in awe to his mother for protection.

But their lord was not concerned with hinds with calves at foot, or with the old barren one ; youth was his desire and the graceful maiden the object of his attentions. Still he kept the whole party together, trusting to the others, and to the old barren hind in particular, to watch for enemies. Shortly after his arrival they all moved down into the trees and fed in the morning and evening cool, resting in the shade in the warmer hours.

The second evening they were all grazing in a deep shady ravine, our calf and his mother a little lower than the rest cropping the tops of some luscious angelica. The mother gave a sudden warning bark, stamping her foot in anger, and he fled to her side : then, following her hostile stare, made out a lithe yellow beast crouching ten yards away. It was a female leopard, smaller and lighter than a male, so hardly competent to kill a full-grown deer, but quite powerful enough to kill a calf.

The cat made a dash forward as bark after bark rang out from the hinds above, but the mother wheeled and struck out with her forefoot, catching the leopard full on the neck and driving it sideways downhill. The raider recovered and made another dash for the calf just as the stag came plunging down the gully in long bounds, smashing a lane

through the undergrowth and throwing black mould in showers about him. Then, with menacing sidelong sweeps of his horns, he drove the marauder back and back, snarling and spitting, till finally, after a narrow escape from being pinned against the trunk of a maple, she turned and made off.

A victory ; but the enemy would always be lying in wait ; so, as soon as they had fed their fill, the old barren hind led the way down through the forest in the moonlight, the others behind her in single file, the stag last with his lady love. Down through chestnut, hazel, sycamore and alder ; halting every now and then with forefoot lifted, sniffing the air with working distended nostrils, ears widespread to catch the slightest sound, until the river-bank was reached. Here an old black bear, crunching fallen walnuts, caused some little alarm, but they soon recovered and, plunging boldly into a deep pool, swam across and were soon moving steadily up towards the head of Mondlon nullah.

Dawn found them amongst the bracken of the upper slopes feeding peacefully ; all but the stag. His lady love was coy and he burned for further conquests. A challenge rang out from behind the ridge to the east, and he roared defiance and set off to make good his vaunt, eager for battle. Another call from the far side, and then his rival appeared over the crest ; after him several hinds cropping the grass fastidiously, moving slowly about and apparently taking no interest in the coming struggle, which would decide their ownership.

Steadily the stags advanced, the pace slowing as they neared each other. Then slower still, heads slightly drooped and horns weaving from side to side, until they were but a couple of yards apart, then a crash of horns as they sprang together, bearing each other's heads down until their muzzles rubbed the grass ; quarters and thighs taut and heaving, forefeet scoring long rents in the turf as they pushed and swayed,

each trying to force his adversary's head out of line with his body, and drive his top points home before the other could recover.

The second stag was a big ten-pointer every bit as heavy as the royal, but without the cunning and experience of as many fights to help him. They had met on a little plateau, the length and width of a cricket pitch, and no fairer battleground can be imagined.

Eyeballs staring, hot breath panting from half-opened mouths, they heaved and strained, uttering loud grunts. The turf was slashed and ripped, tall ragwort trampled down, gentian and fritillary bruised and ruined, and the battle still went on.

Then the ten-pointer came down on one knee, recovered, gave back a pace and rejoined battle. The royal saw that his enemy's hind feet were very near the edge of the plateau, bore up a little and slewed rapidly to throw his whole weight forward before the other could wheel to meet it. His rival gave back, a foot slipped, a hind foot was over the edge, he was down on his knees, and a last great heave threw him rolling down the slope to a little gully below. He was up like a flash and making off defeated, but not before the victor had driven four inches of top tine into his quarter to speed him on his way.

Back came the royal from pursuit, gave one great conquering roar, and set about collecting the other's harem. Seven hinds, of which five were young, one had a calf with her, and the last was old and barren.

Just as he rounded up the last, a young two-year old stag, or 'brocket,' appeared over the ridge and moved forward to join the herd. The royal gave one low warning moan, but paid no further attention to the newcomer: for he was too young to matter and, if kept on the outskirts of the

herd, would be an additional sentry and safeguard against enemies.

Our calf had watched the fight with fear and wonder, keeping close to his mother's side, now and then stamping his feet nervously, but was reassured by the calm demeanour of the others, who still grazed fitfully and kept a keen lookout, that no enemy should take advantage of their lords' preoccupation.

From now on the herd lived constantly on this chosen beat, the royal calling out once or twice, morning and evening, though no other stag dared offer battle.

One day, in mid-October, they were feeding farther eastward than usual, where some scattered firs gave shelter to the last belated grass. The brocket, as usual, was grazing beyond them all, when suddenly up went his head and he wheeled to gallop madly through them, fleeing from some danger. That was enough warning for the rest, and they poured downhill into cover and away to safer ground. Just before they reached the trees there was a loud crack and a bullet 'wheeped' over the back of the royal, urging him to increased speed.

It was the first time the calf had heard a rifle fired, and he was filled with vague terror. He had been at the top of the herd when the small stag had first bolted, and had a glimpse of the heads of two men peering over a ridge two hundred yards away, and connected them with the danger: even though the only men he had seen up to then had been tiny distant figures moving about with their cattle far below on some *marg*, as the Kashmiris call their mountain meadows.

A few days later came the first snowfall, and the deer were driven to feed lower down. For, although the snow melted off quite quickly, the subsequent frosts withered all the herbage of the upper slopes, and they spent their days in

clearings in the forest, or in deep sheltered ravines where they ate greedily of horse-chestnuts, and frequently met a cross-tempered bear glutting himself on walnuts.

Once a leopard killed a hind and drove them farther down the valley, so they crossed eastwards from Mondlon to the sunny slopes of Phraslun, where a young Sahib, excited by the size of the royal's horns, missed an easy shot at him. In the last week in November came several days of snow, and the herd moved down the Liddar Valley again; along the hills above the right bank of the river, past the old temple of Mamal nestling below the tree-clad cliffs, over the head of Versiran and into the sanctuary of Oora, where they dwelt in peace through the winter; browsing on the ends of tender twigs when the snow was heavy, eating horse-chestnuts in plenty, and even descending to glean stubble in the village fields.

The old stag left the herd early in December and joined three others, all moving still farther west over the main ridge into Tral reserve, and wintering there in safety.

Next spring the deer moved up again as the snow receded, and in early April, the calf, his white spots almost vanished now, felt a burning in his head and a slight fever. He left his mother and followed the melting snow until he found himself right up on the edge of the moors. One day, when drinking in a clear pool, he saw two things like short mossy sticks rising six inches from his crown, and knew them for his first horns. These grew steadily through the summer, until they were about a foot long, and his fever continued, only to be cooled by eating immense quantities of fresh green grass, by soiling in dark peaty pools, and resting on the highest, breeziest knolls amongst the juniper and other stunted bushes, where the cold breeze blew straight off the snows.

Once he wandered near the track to Amarnath, and saw the long string of pilgrims, saffron-robed, brass lotah in hand and shepherded by Kashmiri sepoy, toiling up the arduous path to ease themselves of the burden of their sin at the sacred cave.

September came and the air grew cooler, and he made his way downward until he reached the first birch trees above his old home of Mondlon. Early in the summer he had discovered, by a chance knock against a boulder, that his horns were then tender things, painful to touch, and not to be risked among the trees. But now he felt an itch in them, and an irresistible desire to rub. This he did against a birch branch, at first tentatively, then feeling no pain and still the itching, harder and harder; until the now dry velvet hung in strips. While he was thus occupied, down from the monsoon mist above strode his father, drove him from the tree and began to rub his horns with such force that the whole tree quivered and bent, and shreds of bark and velvet hung in tatters together. After thrashing the outer branches until they drooped in broken leafless tangles, the old warrior walked off to a huddle of rocks commanding a wide view and caressed by eddying breezes, to take his ease: while his son lay down on a smaller rise some fifty yards away.

For two or three days this was repeated. Morning and evening the two fed, the young one never venturing too near his irritable sire, then both repaired to the nearest clump of birches, rubbing and cleaning until the beading in the beam showed clean and smooth, and the tips of the royal's tines were as white as ivory.

On the fourth morning but a shred or two of velvet hung about the tops of the old stag's horns and, after reducing a sapling to a broken twisted ruin, he laid back his horns, and with neck a little lower than his withers, gave one deep

low moan, then set off across the hills at a steady pace. The youngster, a 'pricket' with his first stick-like horns, followed diffidently in rear.

Westwards across the top of Mondlon, through the gentler hills of Aru, breasting its further slopes for the long climb which, circling southward, brought them to the track which leads to the head of the Tral Valley. Crossing this, they scaled the heights above the forest bungalow of Nandkai, and rested there till evening. In the late hours of the afternoon they watched an old red bear digging below them in a little damp gully full of soft mould and rich with plants and the homes of the mountain voles. A short hour's feed in the dusk, and off again across the Nandkai Valley, pausing to bellow defiance at a sportsman's ponies grazing in the moonlight beside the little forest hut. On up the rocks to the east, threading their way through colonnades of giant firs, then down a steep moraine once again into the heart of quiet Gandapathri. There he found what he was seeking—a little band of hinds.

Rounding them up, nosing them, driving them a few yards this way and that, asserting possession. Then, with lowered head and stiffened neck, he blared challenge after challenge, until the cliffs re-echoed and two rivals were stirred to answer from far across the valley.

A few days later Mondlon's pleasant glades drew them once again. But this year the grass on the upper ground had mostly dried up before a belated monsoon, and the good grazing was all in the lower clearings amongst the forest. The sheep had gone high, for the short grass, mixed with a new late growth, suited them; so this October the deer were below the sheep.

The big stag had found a dark miry pool in which he bathed every evening, leaving the herd at sunset and return-

ing to them in the dusk, coated with cool black mud. The small stag would always go with him, watching from a little distance ; then, when the royal arose dripping and mired, the pricket would steal forward and wallow quickly before trotting back to join him.

But they left tracks, and a Sahib found the pool.

One evening they came there as usual, and the great stag stood uneasy at the brink before lying down, sensing danger. It was dark under the trees, but the light still lingered in the open glade. A flame stabbed the darkness from under a low-branched deodar, the stillness was shattered, and the royal lurched, shivered, and sank quietly to rest, stretching out a hind leg and then relaxing, as he passed to the green hills of the Beyond.

The pricket fled like the wind, swerving and crashing through the brushwood, reached the herd and stood snorting, quivering and staring back, as they huddled, bunched and alert, alarmed by the distant report muffled by the forest. Then they set off at a steady trot eastward, masterless for a while.

Next day they were found and annexed by the same ten-pointer with whom the royal had fought the previous year.

Our pricket left the herd and wandered on to new ground through narrow rocky Mainpul, across the bowl-shaped head of Kaiyenmul, and into the fastnesses of Dabbian's steep forest-clad ridges, where he met a little band of three young stags and joined them. Two of them were a year older and one the same age as himself, and with them he lived for the next three years.

His second year's horns were longer, still stick-like, but with three little points on one and two on the other, while his third year horns added a point to each. His two older companions now had nine and eight points, and, as soon as

their horns were clear of velvet and cool nights came, they became restless, leaving the others and attempting to join small herds of deer ; but were invariably driven out by a master stag and returned to the two younger beasts after each rebuff ; but did not settle down with them until the snows of December drove them all down low amongst the brakes of alder and hazel.

The next September the two older beasts departed and were not seen again, while, as they travelled down from the moors, our youngster's remaining companion was shot by a poaching Gujar, and he fled on alone to Dabbian.

He now carried a good pair of horns for his age ; thirty-four inches long, with four sturdy points aside ; and, having furnished well in body, was stronger and heavier than the average eight-pointer. In Dabbian he found a solitary stag, carrying fine horns, which, like many of the best stags, never left the forest except in summer when in velvet : but occasionally consorted with a single hind, cut out of the herd of some weaker rival. A great heavy beast, though slightly past his prime, he was feared by nearly every other stag, so that few would make even the semblance of a fight.

Many a trick the young stag learnt from the old one. Raiding the mustard fields at night ; tossing the piled maize stalks with their horns and picking out the tenderest to eat. Then, in the depths of winter hauling down with feet and antler the fodder stacked by the villagers in pollard trees. Often did the peasants heap curses on the marauders, but they never visited the same stack twice running, or even the fields of the same village, so they escaped the lurking village shikari and his muzzle-loader.

In the spring, after shedding their horns, the old stag took them by a rocky wind-swept pass over the main range to the east, and into the wild valley of the Wardwan River ;

where they lived in secluded comfort, never seeing man or sheep, their only companions the ibex on the crags above and the red bear below.

In September they returned to Dabbian, cleaning their new horns as they went ; but the itch to wander took the younger beast, now carrying his first full ten-point horns, which, though still a little short in beam and tine, showed great promise.

He travelled westward once again to Mondlon, and arrived with an early fall of snow in mid-October, on the big rolling *marg* directly above the village. The sun came out as he arrived, and set two fine stags bellowing wrathfully at each other across the glittering plain of snow.

Full of life and vigour, he trotted back and forth over the thin crisp snow adding his shrill whistling squeal of immaturity to the din created by his betters ; then, getting tired, lay down at the foot of a big pine, one of half a dozen growing a hundred yards from where an eleven-pointer was still hurling defiance at his rival on the far side of the *marg*.

Suddenly he heard a whisper, and looking round, saw, not a score of yards away, a levelled rifle and a Sahib's head showing round the base of a tree, a pointing Kashmirishikari peering over him.

He was up and galloping hard towards the big stag and his hinds, when the rifle cracked. But he was not the target. There was a loud thud, the eleven-pointer made a short run with hanging head and, as the youngster passed, lay in the snow gulping his life into a yard-wide red stain amid the white.

The young stag fled straight back to Dabbian, found the old solitary, and stayed with him another year.

But next September nature would not be denied, and he roved challenging with louder fuller voice, ranging the hills

HANGUL.

until he found, fought and defeated a very old stag whose horns had begun to 'go back,' and who could not withstand the vigour and weight of the younger beast's onslaught. Three hinds were the prize of victory.

Now he arrived at his full growth, and from season to season his weight increased and his massive horns grew longer, until they reached the symmetry and girth which had made the Hunter covet them so greatly on the last day of his leave.

It was now six years since the stag had plunged downhill with that burning pain in the nape of his neck. Six years of peace for him and War for men.

He was back on the same ground above Mondlon, feeding amongst the bracken. He was old now, carrying a very symmetrical head of fourteen points: but the tops were short, and the beam not so long and massive as last year, or the year before that. He had passed his prime and his horns were 'going back.'

By weight and cunning he still won his fights, but with increasing difficulty. Seven hinds were with him, but in his heart he wondered how long he would keep them. Even as he fed he heard that upstart eleven-pointer with the forty-inch horns challenge half a mile to the west and, though he lifted his head as if to roar back defiance, he thought it discretion not to answer, and dropped it to graze again. Perhaps the memory of his first victory made him moody and depressed, but how long would he, veteran of twenty years and half a hundred battles, keep his hinds from that bawling upstart of half that age, who had already ten hinds and was not satisfied.

The Hunter was back in Mondlon. After many months of fighting and privation, his fate had been a Turkish prison camp. Many a time during that weary captivity he had thought of the cool green forests of Mondlon and the snow peaks above them, and of the great stag who had got away just touched by his bullet that last day of his leave. Then he had returned to a further weary six months of war on the Indian Frontier, and at last was back where he had hardly dared hope to be again.

Sunrise had found him at the top of the trees to the west, and there he had run into the eleven-pointer with his harem. Two hinds had seen him and warned the herd; the stag had gone off towards the bad ground, passing within shot but covered by others of the herd.

Leaving them for another day, he went off eastward to the very ground where he had fired his last shot at big game six years before, almost to the day. About nine o'clock he caught sight of the sterns of three hinds as they moved over a ridge and, following up carefully, peered over a mound a hundred yards above the spot.

Two, three hinds feeding among the bracken. Then, thirty yards to their right, a horned head above the fronds. What a forest of points! Steady aim at the base of the neck; squeeze the trigger. The head sinks back into the foliage and the hinds are racing downhill.

The Hunter ran down and, as his shikari performed the *halal*, he admired the veteran's head.

'Not very long, Ramzana, but an even fourteen-pointer.'

'A good stag, Sahib. Fourteen pointers are rare. I have but once before seen one killed.'

They dragged the old warrior out on to a grassy shelf, and began to skin him, cutting off the head at the base of the neck, from which the Hunter began to remove the mask.

He had turned the skin back to half-way up the neck, when he came on a curious knotted scar in the muscles of the nape, where there was also a twist in the hair of the crest.

He paused, skinning knife in hand, fingering the mark thoughtfully.

'I wonder,' he said slowly to himself, 'I wonder . . .'

THE POOL IN THE ROCKS.

I.

*We swam at evening in a warm, still pool
Beneath the cliff's wild base : the waters' swell,
Mysterious in their might, translucent, cool
From the sea's expanse, upon its slumber fell,
Sliding across the rocks, lifting the weeds
That with a sigh stretched out their floated hands
Once more to movement of the free-maned steeds
Flinging their forces at the tide's commands.*

II.

*Such was the hour, and so immortally
The rocks are crowned with life, the weeds are swayed,
The pool that took us takes again the sea
And twice each day is all a greenness made—
When we are far and Time's unswerving tides
Have swept our evenings to forgetfulness
This pool eternal in the rocks abides
And yields its beauty to the sea's caress.*

GORELL.

THOUGHTS ON A GARDEN.

BY GERALD MILLAR.

'We shan't want a big garden,' said a young bride, looking for a house in the country, 'just a few herbaceous borders.' She was unknowingly choosing the most elaborate form of open-air gardening, needing the greatest knowledge, taste, preparation, selection, transplanting, watering and work.

We too started thus. Confronted by a small sloping garden with large beds, we tried to fill them with flowers. We staggered up the slope with watering-cans, with barrows laden with bought manure; we pursued and eliminated every trace of ground elder; we hoed till our backs ached; we staked, we tied, we dead-headed. In spring we pruned our rose-trees almost to the ground. On the crest of the lawn we planted a line of yew-trees—an old English practice, we believed—and since we were told that they thrive on ox's blood used to cross the village street to the butcher and return with pails full of the horrid liquid. By Sunday evening we were too tired for words. The most successful bed was a strip, some ten feet by two, under the north-east end of the house; a low wall kept the sun off it; it harboured the stump of a pear-tree and consisted of builders' rubble. A climbing rose which we planted among the pear-tree's dead roots rose to the top of the house and developed a trunk of the thickness of a man's arm; the only yew-tree that survived, the one too many for the old English row, grew large and plump in that bed. Tomatoes liked it too, and so did every seed or plant that our eldest

son in his infancy or our son's nurse cast on to it. I never saw such London Pride before or since. We neither dug nor hoed it because there wasn't room for the tool. Otherwise we had a charming garden, mainly (as you looked up it) because of the grass path in the middle and the old fruit-trees and (as you looked down it) because the house looked so jolly. But horticulturally, it was mostly earth.

I often think that my mother, gardening thirty years ago, was a lucky woman, for not only was she a considerable gardener but she was sure of her colours and limited in her choice. There were few sorts of Darwin tulips then; she contented herself with one sort which stood against the twilight of the nuttery like a battalion of the Guards, to be replaced invariably with dense ranks of phlox. Roses grew for her as though they loved her as much as she loved them: the old pink La France and smell-less Frau Karl Druschki and a great cabbage-like crimson rose with a scent as strong as its colour. They must have been pruned, but they were primarily bushes. The ramblers broke their chains and posts and the 'tea' rose on the front of the house used to come into the spare room window. I wish I could reproduce twin rose-trees, green umbrellas covered with small waxy roses of a very sweet smell. As for my mother's perennials, I can remember a mass of colour and spikes and cups and bells down the long borders to the chestnuts; the scents were sudden and strong and warm. The garden had been mainly occupied by laurel bushes when she took it over and there had been a monstrous excavation; otherwise I remember little in the way of day-to-day cultivation of the soil. After many years of gardening I have set aside this vision as unattainable. A child exaggerates, and my mother was so victorious in the struggle of flowers *versus* earth that she was persuaded to do gardens for others;

indeed, her first client, a duchess, came without enough warning and my mother, who had filled her immense bowls with roses, tied them back on their bushes. The duchess never knew. Yet had there been no flowers this garden would have been memorable, for other memories overwhelm them : a yew-tree scent-bottle in the middle of the lawn, an apple-tree with an octagonal wooden seat, the cedars over the ha-ha, the cherry-trees rising out of the arcades of the nuttery (crocuses there, then cow-parsley, then just moss) a small hedged secondary lawn, a strange maple that had thrown nine trunks from one root, a dell of bulbs, the grass, a wall of holly, an oak-tree, a level view of woods. The flowers were secondary ; these remain.

In our apprenticeship we, my wife and I, were the prey of gardening books and catalogues. I would not disparage these books. But often their advice is more useful as reminders to a head gardener, for success may engender laziness, than as infant food to the aspiring amateur. What that amateur most wants to know—how the nurserymen fills bed after bed with massed blocks of bloom (always seemingly at its best)—cannot perhaps be set down in words. Do the books forget that a rose-bush is primarily a bush, a shrub ; do they over-recommend the pruning-knife, which we once used, or the sécateurs, which we use now ? We had a fine bed of Shot Silk rose-bushes which we looked after with authoritative care : the third year they wilted, the fourth year they were dead—they were on the wrong stock, an expert told us—all except one. That bush had become hidden and forgotten beneath the growth of a lavender hedge ; it is still greatly alive. It has charmingly grown up through the lavender. In our attempts to tame the Zéphyrine Drouhin, tying the long shoots to wires, galvanized at that (as the book required), we turned her sulky ;

she became a small bush. We have been wavier with our Mermaids which have grown large on wholesome neglect. Then, the hoe. The books urge its use and we have used it. Paid gardeners are said to dislike it. Incomparable for removing weeds, of course ; but the books insist that it aerates the soil. Does it also, one wonders, restrict the growth of roots by slicing them off—the delphinium is an easy victim—and murder the seeds not only of weeds ? In conscientiously aerating the soil I sometimes wonder whether we have not sterilized it too.

Catalogues are for the specialist and the expert. The beginner, let us easily imagine, is choosing roses, or tulips, or iris, or dahlias, or even Michaelmas daisies. He is faced first with the tribe, family or clan ; there may be several. Then when he has come down on one family, say, Darwin tulips or bearded iris or hybrid tea roses or cactus dahlias he will find it has a hundred members. He may want a good bronze chrysanthemum ; he will find a dozen bronze sorts which sound marvellous. The more illustrious the nursery the more bewildering the choice ; nor should you blame the nurseryman for the restless energy of the breeder, whose novelties have to be sold. The Dutch nearly went mad after a black tulip, and it is strange that we should invent, and want to buy, a pink delphinium. In print every flower glows with colour or colours (if more than one, often striped and slashed) and most are splendid doers, with an excellent habit, and are remarkably free-flowering. However much we hate to be classed as novices, there should be novices' catalogues. Let them be as full as ever ; but let certain families and certain of their members bear a mark meaning ' A good sound plant [or bulb or rhizome] for the novice ; ' let there be a little selection and sympathy, even sometimes a little more simplicity of description. Alas,

how few of us trouble to visit the nursery and see for ourselves what we mean to grow a whole year hence.

We were still young when we took a farmhouse. The farmer's land was in great heart, his garden had been characteristically neglected. Here was pioneer work. We started on the old ardent lines. We uprooted shrubs and soon great hoed beds confronted us. Tired with the clay we passed into the derelict orchard where the moles threw up samples of fine, gritty pasture soil. We borrowed our neighbour's horses, plough and man, and ploughed much larger beds. Therein we grew lavender and this was for the time a lovely experiment bordering on the commercial. Bindweed and the fall in the price of the oil destroyed our experiment, but not until we had recognized that a growing family needed unlimited vegetables, notably potatoes. Potatoes may bring one unromantically down to earth, but they have justified the plough and the space. Lavender-growing taught us that a shrub looks well without sticking or tying or constant replacement and watering. We began to value semi-permanence, and also to notice that some flowers liked us and some did not. With annuals we toiled in vain—we have not yet aspired to a successful stock—but we have been powerless to stop hollyhocks, anchusa, lupins, flag iris, violets, catmint and verbascum from seeding or spreading and from flourishing when and where they choose. We turned one of the big orchard beds back to grass. We have only just come to value shrubs, to tear down a fence and join up a piece of the ex-stackyard, to raze hedges for better views. We have begun to look at the views a little more; till lately we were so often on our knees looking at the soil.

The amateur falls into another mistake: he uses full-sized tools. He digs with a navvy's spade and forks with a full-

sized four-pronged fork. You only acquire a natural golf swing if you begin young, and no amateur gardener will acquire the professional's slow effortless rhythm or will stop, with the professional feeling that time is of no object, for frequent chats and breathers. These notes are meant for those without an outside staff; but it is well to acknowledge that for the gardener's or hired man's apparently maddening slowness much is to be said. But for it he would long ago have gone to hospital. With a smaller sized spade and fork the working amateur will accomplish far more work with unbelievably less effort. The scythe is out of date; only the older country roadmen retain it for the verges; and there was no one but myself to cut the orchard grass. Only the scythe would do, for the horse-drawn field grass-cutter foundered on hidden tree-stumps and was withdrawn with oaths. I began with a full-sized scythe. At every other stroke the point buried itself in the ground; it waggled in the air; the blade was out of line and balance. I became quickly exhausted. With a 'three-quarter' scythe and a little experience mowing is the easiest thing in life. I had long got over friends' admiring remarks: 'I say, can you really scythe?'—it ranks nowadays as a legendary achievement—before we discovered a mechanical cutter which is as easy to push or pull as a perambulator and which cuts better and twenty times quicker than the scythe. Our scythes have returned to mythology.

A friend once said that the prettiest gardens had no flowers in them. He had worked a garden for half a century and remained young at heart, if a thought cynical. Without giving our own past too black an eye, I understood him. With a superb view one might make shift without a garden, but superb views are difficult to find at your door. Lesser

views can enchant and a garden may frame them. I believe that the eye tends to look farther and farther afield. A horizon, however middling and sober the view, may become vastly important. The perfect garden is indefinable, but mine would be a simple affair. One kind I encountered in an unexpected way : we were put out of the boat that had brought us up the staithe to the bird island on the north Norfolk coast, and at once we came upon a little sunken court (or so it seemed) of sand and pebbles and sea shells. In it grew sea plants dotted about in a masterly disarray, marine versions of lavender and thistle in greens and greys. It glowed with colour, as sharp and clear and clean as the sea air. No upkeep here, only a twice-yearly flooding by the tides to keep it fresh, or rather salt. A perfect garden, if hard to assimilate to domestic surroundings ! Another garden owes its charm to a level lawn, an unseen ha-ha, a level meadow and a quiet wood of oaks ; the flower beds are lateral and secondary. Another is nothing but a kidney-shaped lawn fringed with fine trees needing thinning and ending in a fan of horse-chestnuts over a river. Between lawn and chestnuts is a small wilderness, of aconites and snowdrops, then daffodils, then cow-parsley and finally (like our old nuttery) just moss—a capital rotation.

Few of us are able to choose our forest trees, though the choice is possible when buying—still more when building—a house ; I believe they come first, at any rate to live with. In a garden in a part of the country alien to our taste there is a walnut-tree with a great span. It is a miracle of design from its few main branches to its innumerable terminal twigs or fingers. Nothing else in that garden matters by it. A fully grown mulberry-tree is beyond price ; you could never tire of the set of the branches or

of the colour and shape of the leaves. The lime-tree has docility, excellent shape, a richness of bud and leaf. Both chestnuts, horse and Spanish, can be wonderfully shapely. Less so, but still so, the beech. A row or grove of cricket-bat willows, preferably outside the precinct, may be a prime English decoration. One could wish that the leaves of the apple-tree did not turn so stale and rusty as the year goes on. We have lived too little with conifers to dogmatize but know a fine early Georgian house whose three successive owners have been in two minds about a wellingtonia, whether to cut it down because it's so big and ugly or by doing so to expose the house to a main road. The yew hardly escapes its tradition of the charnel-house. We have the misfortune mainly to grow ashes and elms, happily some small distance from the house. More may be said against the elm than against the ash, which is too stark for a good garden tree, however appropriate, like the oak, in the hedgerow. As for the elm-tree, its habit is not the inconsequence of the aristocrat but the untidiness of the slut. It is as common as the road. No wonder the forester calls it a weed. Whoever plants an elm?

The perfect garden, then; how should it go? To dogmatize for the last time, it should not be a separate enclosure but rather a stage between the house and the country around. The French have a happy way with clipped trees and closes and formalities, but artificiality suits us less. Unless severely thought out and practised it can be terrible—the rock garden against the villa of yellow brick. Materials unsuitable to the neighbourhood must be rejected; rocks and stone, for example, in our corner of Essex. To come to detail. Out-houses are important, preferably behind a wall with a door in it but with the roofs showing, preferably roofs of pan-tiles. On one roof should be a house-leek. On a spiritual

level with the house-leek there should be, also behind the wall, a marrow bed on a heap of manure. There's nothing like groping under the leaves and finding the marrows, striped or plain, small or large, like elongated balloons in the solid. A weather-vane is a perpetual treat.

There must be a level lawn and, at a decent space from the walls of the house, a leading tree for looks and shade—the kind of tree to have tea under in the summer. Almost any tree will suit except the elm. A plane-tree might do. One hardly dares demand a mulberry. A horse-chestnut is out of it because its lower branches should touch the ground, so that only a child or a rabbit could with dignity sit under it. The waste space it creates should be furnished with aconites, snowdrops and scillas. On one side of the lawn, preferably to the left in this vague picture, I insist on nut-bushes. Their untidy tidiness is of the very marrow of success. They must be planted formally and then left unmolested. On the right of the lawn may be the sunny side of a wall attached at one end to the house. On this wall are one or two trained fruit-trees (one a fig) and a favourite creeper, *ceanothus* perhaps. Between it and the lawn is the only flower-bed of importance. In it grow flowers which detest being moved, the kind whose performances you compare from one year to another: crown imperials, paeonies (preferably the old vulgar crimson ones) and, if luck's in, madonna lilies which prefer the poor owner to the rich. There are roses also, not segregated in tight beds geometrically set among crazy paving, but dotted graciously about in that good bed. Some dahlia clumps, perhaps, for August and some dwarf Michaelmas daisies, all flower and no green instead of the other way round, for the autumn. The other flowers, mostly for picking, share with the vegetables the other side of the wall, wall-

flowers not excepted and annuals if you've a gardener or relative who enjoys fiddling with his little boxes and seedlings. The rosemary and lavender are on the front side of the house.

Straight across the lawn I must have a ha-ha or sunken ditch, with sheer wall of knapped flints this side and a graded grass bank the other planted with bulbs of the narcissus families chosen by a shrewder mind than mine. Beyond the ha-ha are fields, plough if you like, and woods—no stage setting, just the English scene. I would like to work-in a wood somewhere closer, perhaps the other side of the nuts, where foxgloves could be supervised and spare seed scattered. A squirrel or two would be welcome. That would do for us, although it must be added that nothing in this garden of fancy remotely resembles anything in the two gardens in which for twenty years we have happily slaved.

THE LIVING STONE.

BY E. R. PUNSHON.

'Life sleeps in the stone, dreams in the plant, wakens in the animal.'
Ancient Hindu saying.

I.

THERE was a general giggle.

The quaint little gentleman from London, beaming on them through his enormous horn-rimmed glasses, might be as learned as learned professors must always be, but fancy asking a question like that when the name of their little inn, 'The Missing Men,' was the general jest all through this lonely Cornish district. Why, whenever any of the local inhabitants was missing from his own hearthside, here in the comfortable warm bar of 'The Missing Men' was the place to seek and generally to find. One or two of those present laboriously explained the point of the pleasantry, and the little professor listened gravely.

'I see,' he said.

It was the chair of comparative religion at the Great Southern University that he held, and though few there knew what comparative religion was, and probably none had even heard of his great work on 'Human Sacrifice' in which was traced the history of that dark, evil rite from early days—the days of Abraham and Isaac—down to the faint traces of it still surviving, as when the small boy in city streets asks for a penny for the guy he means presently to offer up in fire, or, more sinister, in the offering of the youth of the nation on the sacrificial altar of that new god, the State, yet all knew what awe and reverence are a pro-

fessor's due. For a professor is a person of strange knowledge, and therefore of strange powers, since knowledge is always power.

But now they felt more at their ease, now that he had shown he shared their common humanity by asking so simple a question and needing to have so simple a pleasantry explained to him. The professor took the giggling in good part. He wondered how long the name had been in use. No one knew. Most thought name and inn were co-existent.

'I asked,' explained the professor, 'because I noticed on the map there's a lane near here that seems to be called "Missing Lane."'

The jesting suddenly ceased, as abruptly as though those fatal words: 'Time, gentlemen, time,' had boomed out suddenly from behind the bar.

'I was wondering,' the professor explained, 'whether the inn took its name from the lane, or the lane from the inn.'

No one seemed to know. No one seemed to care. The conversation showed a tendency to revert to football pools, an engrossing if limited topic. The professor did not seem interested in football pools. He had arrived by car that afternoon from London, a late survival of the touring season since now it was dark and chilly November when motorist and hiker alike seek their repose. He took an opportunity of a pause, while all were wrapped in silent contemplation of the curious fact that others habitually won enormous prizes in the pools, but none of them ever did, to remark:—

'I couldn't make out from the map where that lane led.'

'Well, it doesn't rightly lead nowheres in particular,' explained the landlord.

'Well, now, that's odd,' murmured the professor. 'If it goes nowhere, why is it at all?'

No one seemed to know that either. It was just there. It had always been there. That was all. Went to the top of the hill, and, so to say, got lost there.

'Missing Lane, in fact,' mused the professor. 'Perhaps how it got its name. I suppose, if it goes nowhere, it's not often used?'

It began to appear that the lane was in fact very seldom used. Continued over the hill it would have provided a short and convenient way to the nearest market town. Only, somehow, no one seemed ever to have thought of that. Men working in the fields by which it ran used it sometimes, and, in the autumn, blackberrying parties, since the summit of the hill, where finally the lane lost itself, was famous for blackberries. But the blackberry pickers went always in parties, it seemed, and never stayed late.

'Not if they've sense, they don't,' said an old man who hitherto had hardly spoken. 'And if they do, maybe it's them that's missing or some of 'em.'

'Now grandpa,' interposed the landlord warningly.

'Thirty years ago,' said the old man, 'and never none to tell to this day what became of Polly Hill.'

'Wasn't there something in the paper the other day about a young woman who had disappeared from somewhere about here?' asked the professor.

'That would be Aggie, little Aggie Polton,' said some one else.

'Good-looking piece,' said the landlord. 'Lordy, when girls take themselves off, they have their own reasons. Flighty, that was Aggie.'

It appeared that Aggie had had something of a reputation. Most evenings, the tale went, she had a 'date' with one or other of the young men of the neighbourhood. On one occasion, a little time previously, there had been one

of these 'dates' with the son of the local butcher. He had not been able to keep it. His mother had had suspicions, and naturally looked higher than poor little Aggie for her son, no matter how fascinating Aggie's blue eyes and curls might be. The general opinion was that Aggie had 'taken the huff,' had been afraid of being laughed at, and had gone off to London, as she had often spoken of doing, in order to become one of those fascinating young ladies known as 'Nippies,' whose portraits in the papers had aroused her mingled admiration and envy.

Only it was true no trace of her in London had as yet been found.

'No great loss, a girl like her, setting all the lads at odds,' said some one else. 'But I reckon Mr. Phelps up at Tor Farm would give a deal to know what's become of "Beauty of Bolton Three."'

'What's that?' asked the professor.

He was told that 'Beauty of Bolton Three' was a prize bull, worth some two or three hundred pounds, perfect in every way, and so tame and peaceable that it was allowed to graze out in the fields without any special precautions being taken. It was always brought in at night, but the other evening, when a farm lad went to fetch it as usual, though at a later hour than was customary, it wasn't there. No sign of it. Nothing to show what had happened to it.

'Curious,' said the professor. 'Curious about the young lady who was mentioned just now. Curious, too, about Polly Hill thirty years ago. Curious again that in the Annual Register of sixty years back there's mention of a valuable stallion that vanished in this neighbourhood. Supposed to have been stolen by the groom, as he vanished himself next day.'

'That's sixty years gone,' said the landlord doubtfully.

"I wasn't born then," and he had the air of suggesting that what had happened before he was born really didn't matter very much.

'Lot of interesting reading in the Annual Register,' observed the professor, 'and odd how often there is a mention of this neighbourhood at intervals of thirty years. Was Mr. Phelps's bull in the field near the Hunting Stone? That stands at the top of Missing Lane, doesn't it?'

'That's right,' said the landlord, somewhat surprised at this display of local knowledge; 'but there's no mystery about the bull being missing. Worth a mort of money. 'Ticed away and hidden somewhere till he can be smuggled off to foreign parts.'

'Not so easy to 'tice away,' interposed the old man who had spoken of the missing Polly Hill of long ago, 'and some one got hurt, too, for there was blood on the Hunting Stone. I seen it myself and didn't stop to look for long, neither.'

'Why is it called the Hunting Stone?' asked the professor.

The landlord said he supposed it had always been called that. The professor asked if the stains supposed to be blood seen on the base of the Hunting Stone had been examined or analysed. No one had thought of having that done. There seemed no reason. It was mentioned that the only trace of the recently vanished Aggie, the girl with the fondness for making 'dates' and the ambition some day to become a 'Nippy,' had been her handbag found near this same Hunting Stone. Probably her 'date' with the youthful heir of the local butcher had been made for the foot of Missing Lane. When he failed to keep it, she might well have wandered up the lane rather than go straight home, but what had happened to her after that was entirely a matter for conjecture.

The door opened and an elderly woman looked in.

'Our Tim here?' she asked. 'He's not been home.'

No one had seen her Tim and she went away grumblingly. The landlord winked at the professor.

'Out after rabbits,' he said, 'that's where her Tim is, and he'll be copped some day. But there's a mort of them up by that there Hunting Stone.'

The old man in the corner got up to go. In the doorway he turned: 'Tim's a fool if he goes after rabbits there,' he said, 'for if there's rabbits there, there's more than rabbits, too.'

He went out, and the landlord laughed, though a trifle uneasily.

'To hear him talk,' he said, 'there might be something queer about that there lump of granite what's been standing up on the hill ever since the Flood, so to say.'

'I think I'll have a look at it myself,' observed the professor, 'but not to-night.'

'No, I wouldn't to-night,' agreed the landlord.

II.

It was in fact high noon before the professor next day walked slowly and warily up the Missing Lane that was hardly a lane at all but rather a rough track with fields on one side—the south—and the bare slope of the hill on the other, the north. Where the cultivated land ceased and the ground grew rough and bare with scattered blackberry bushes at intervals and many rabbit holes all around, stood the Hunting Stone, a huge upright oblong block of granite, standing on a sort of rough base. It was some eight or nine feet high and must have weighed many tons. On its face were carved signs that once may have been letters or symbols of some kind but that the wind and the rain

of innumerable years had worn in part away. Reared by who could tell what strange distant tribe of men in what strange dawn of humanity, or by what pain or sacrifice in dragging that enormous weight from the distant quarry where it had been carved, all through the slow centuries it had stood on this bare hillside. Now at its base there sat a burly man in plus fours, smoking a pipe, and the professor nodded a greeting.

'Nice morning, chief inspector,' he said, 'but I wouldn't sit there if I were you.'

Chief Inspector Harris of Scotland Yard looked surprised, but got up all the same, for his was a disciplined mind and for all professors he had a proper respect.

'Why not?' he asked. 'It's firm enough. I thought I felt a tremor when I sat down, but it won't fall over just yet.'

The professor said: 'Know anything about a local lad called Tim something?'

'Reported missing,' said the chief inspector. 'You heard about that?'

'Yes,' said the professor.

'Maybe he had something to do with the "Beauty of Bolton Three" case,' observed the inspector musingly, 'but it's not so likely a smart, lively young girl like this Aggie Polton would mix up with cattle thieving.'

'No,' said the professor.

'Well, there you are,' said the chief inspector.

'Noticed anything about here?' asked the professor.

'Not a thing, except——' and he pointed to a strange, plainly marked trail on the ground as though something immensely heavy had passed that way. 'Looks like a steam roller has been by,' he remarked, 'only there can't have been, can there?'

'No,' said the professor. 'Noticed that?'

He pointed to a reddish-brown stain on the stone base just where the chief inspector had been sitting. The chief inspector shook his head. 'What is it?' he asked.

'I don't know,' said the professor, 'but I think it might be blood.'

He walked away a little distance and presently paused where the rabbit holes seemed most numerous in a low bank at a little distance. It was a fragment of a net he had picked up and he came back carrying it in his hand.

'Useful for snaring rabbits?' he suggested.

'Might be,' agreed the chief inspector. 'Why?'

'In the pub they seemed to think Tim was very likely out after rabbits,' the professor explained.

'Well then,' said the chief inspector. 'Don't think some one's kidnapped him, do you?'

'Not kidnapped, no,' said the professor.

The chief inspector strolled away and seated himself again on the base of the Hunting Stone. He got up hurriedly. He said: 'Gosh! I believe you're right.'

'What's that?' asked the professor, turning sharply.

'I thought I felt the thing move,' the chief inspector answered. 'When I sat down, I mean. A sort of movement, a tremor. As if it might topple over.' He put his hand against the stone and pushed. 'Seems firm enough,' he said.

The professor was looking at the sky. 'High noon,' he said. 'Just as well. No, I don't think there's any chance of its toppling over.'

'Well, then,' said the chief inspector. He looked very worried and a trifle pale. He said: 'I'll swear I felt—something.' After a pause, during which the professor was silent, he added: 'If I didn't know I hadn't, I should think I had been drinking.'

'I think we'll go, shall we?' said the professor.

The chief inspector agreed, somewhat hurriedly. He was looking back over his shoulder as they walked away. He said: 'It must be the mist; it gives the thing a sort of swaying sort of look, sort of to and fro, if you know what I mean.'

'There isn't any mist,' said the professor.

He was walking very quickly. At times he almost ran.

The chief inspector said: 'What's the hurry?'

'I don't know,' answered the professor. He added presently: 'I think where you were sitting is where the victims were offered when that was a stone of sacrifice.'

'Ugh,' said the chief inspector. 'Enough to make any one a bit jittery if they knew that.'

'Or even if they didn't,' said the professor. When they had come to the bottom of the lane, he said: 'I want you to get me a bullock, white, without spot or blemish.'

'Eh?' said the chief inspector. 'What's that?'

The professor explained. The chief inspector said firmly: 'That's plumb crazy.'

'Yes, I know,' said the professor.

'If it hadn't been for what I felt up there . . .' said the chief inspector.

'White from head to tail, without spot or blemish,' the professor repeated.

'Right-oh,' said the chief inspector. 'It's a screwy business,' he said. 'I feel I want to report myself off my head.'

'You mean you want to report me,' said the professor grimly. 'I know. Only what happened to little Aggie Polton? Where is she? What's become of Mr. Phelps's

prize bull? Where's Tim who went up there snaring rabbits, and now it seems he isn't anywhere? And why almost every thirty years does the Annual Register report some mysterious disappearance in this district?'

'Oh, have it your own way,' said the chief inspector angrily. 'I don't believe a word of it, and what's more, I don't know where to get a what-is-it!—a white bullock without spot or blemish! We aren't cattle-dealers at the Yard.'

The professor gave him an address.

'Friend of mine,' he said. 'Big noise in the farming way. Ring him up. I asked him to see what he could do.'

The chief inspector went away to find a telephone. It was dusk when there arrived a lorry containing a fine young bullock, its hide snowy white, no spot or blemish on it from head to tail.

The professor looked it over carefully and seemed satisfied. Later on, as it drew towards midnight, by the light of the moon could have been seen the unusual sight of a learned professor and a chief inspector of Scotland Yard solemnly driving a snow-white ox up a steep and narrow lane.

It was a perfect night. The moonlight lay on the land like a faint and silvery sea, lending to all things a distant, wan enchantment. Not a breath of wind stirred. Not a living creature was abroad. It might have been a land from which all life had fled, and through it there passed slowly that small and strange procession—the snow-white bullock and the two men behind.

'Keep well back,' the professor whispered.

The chief inspector needed no such warning. He muttered presently: 'There's lots of rabbits here, but there's none about to-night.'

'They know,' the professor said.

Before them, plain in the white moonlight, the great stone showed, upright and waiting.

The chief inspector said: 'This moonlight plays queer tricks with a man's eyes.'

'So it does,' agreed the professor.

They walked on a little way. They were quite near now, or rather the bullock was quite near. The two men were some yards behind. The bullock paused and lowed uneasily and the sound seemed to travel far through the heavy silence of the moonlit night.

'I've got the jitters,' said the chief inspector. 'I've no drink taken all this day, but I could have sworn the stone was on the right-hand side of the lane.'

'So it was,' said the professor. He added: 'So it is.'

The chief inspector stood and stared.

'Well, it was on our left just now,' he said.

'So it was,' said the professor.

They stood still. The ox lowed again, a long low call. The professor took his companion by the arm. He said: 'We won't go any nearer.'

'No,' said the chief inspector. He said: 'What's that noise?'

'I think it's your teeth chattering,' said the professor. 'Or else it's mine.'

The ox moved on. Again it lowed. It stood still and then once more moved forward, very slowly, as if irresistibly impelled.

'Look,' screamed the professor.

They saw. In the pale moonlight they saw clearly. They saw the great stone as it were heave itself forward. Plainly they saw how it lifted itself from its base and propelled itself upon the approaching ox. Earth and sky were still, still and motionless were the two men, the ox was still as

they, as the vast immobile block of that huge stone lifted itself, left its firm base, flung itself in great leaps upon the motionless bullock. The chief inspector turned and ran. The professor followed. They ran as they had never run before, as few indeed have ever run but they, since few but they have ever had such need for fearful speed. Once the chief inspector fell, and as he fell, he screamed, for he had felt something plucking at his ankle. It was only a bramble that had tripped him, but he was still screaming as he got to his feet and ran on again, nor indeed has he ever been quite the same man again.

Not till they were near the inn, not till lights showed close ahead, not till friendly human voices could be heard, did they cease that wild and dreadful flight.

When at last they were both safe in the professor's room at the inn, he said: 'I knew. At least I think I knew. But it's a different thing when you see it for yourself.'

'No one will believe us,' muttered the chief inspector. 'I don't think I believe it any more myself. I thought it had me when that thing caught my ankle.' He said fiercely: 'What's it mean?'

'No one will believe us,' agreed the professor. 'Why should they? For how long, no one can even guess, but all through the centuries that thing stood there and was offered every day perhaps the blood of living victims, human victims, too, till at last, for the blood is the life, it began to have a life of its own, as evil as what caused that life, and when its worshippers no longer brought it victims then it began to seek them for itself, so to preserve with their blood the dim life the blood of others had begun to create within itself.'

'You mean the beastly thing grew alive?'

'I think it was wakening to life,' the professor answered.

The chief inspector went to the window and looked out into the palely lit night.

'I don't think I shall go to bed,' he said. 'I should dream—dream of that beastly thing making its way down here, crashing in the door or the walls—what could any man do against fifty tons of granite made animate?'

'It'll be safe to-night,' the professor answered. 'Safe and satiate. Satiated. Probably for another thirty years. Asleep again, the life within it. We won't risk another waking though.' He motioned towards his luggage. 'There's enough high explosive there,' he said, 'to blow up half the hill. We'll wait till high noon.'

'No one will believe us,' the chief inspector repeated. 'I don't think I do quite myself. If I did, I think I should go mad.'

'We'll neither of us believe it,' agreed the professor. 'Safer not to.' After a time, he added: 'Not only in those days of the dawn of humanity have men made for themselves a god to destroy themselves.'

PEGGY OWEN AND HER STREATHAM FRIENDS.

BY B. G. CHARLES.

WERE it not for her friendship with several well-known literary figures of Dr. Johnson's time Peggy Owen would hardly be a character worthy of remembrance. Hitherto little or nothing has been written about her, probably because of the obscurity which has shrouded her life and the insignificant part she played in history. Her name crops up here and there in the letters and diaries of her contemporaries, but she remains tantalisingly in the background and seldom emerges as a creature of flesh and blood. Family papers recently found in Lord Harlech's deposited collection in the National Library of Wales throw new light on her life and friendships.

Margaret Owen came of good Welsh stock. She was the daughter of Lewis Owen, the youngest son of Sir Robert Owen of Porkington, Salop, who represented Merioneth and Caernarvonshire in Parliament. Elizabeth, her mother, was the daughter of Richard Lyster of Penrhos, Montgomeryshire, and Moynes Court, Monmouthshire. Lewis Owen had a long University career at Oxford. He matriculated at Christ Church on March 15, 1713-14, aged eighteen, took his B.A. degree from All Souls College in 1717-18, his M.A. in 1721, and his B.D. in 1729. He was, moreover, a Fellow of his College and read for his doctorate. Though educated for holy orders, it was with much reluctance that he left the amenable atmosphere and freedom of University life to take the living of Barking, Essex, in 1735. From 1742 he was also rector of Wexham, Bucks. He went down before taking his doctorate: 'I am to be one year longer

fellow & then I shall be cut out, and as for taking my D^{rs} degree I shall employ my money much better in buying pots & pans & other useful things' (December 10, 1734). But to his friends he was always 'the Doctor' or 'Doctor Lewis.' After a few years at his uncongenial vocation in Barking he married pretty Elizabeth Lyster. Her beauty, and no doubt her fortune at Penrhos, had attracted him during his Oxford days. But his friend Sir Watkin Williams Wynn and others had to be called in to break down her mother's opposition to the match. Their first child, John, was born in 1741. Margaret—always called Peggy—was baptised at Barking on November 28, 1742. Another son, William, was baptised on October 9, 1744, but he apparently died young. In the prime of life 'the Doctor' died at Barking in 1746. His widow returned to Wales and made Penrhos her home. In her letters we catch glimpses of Jacky and Peggy growing up under her care, but they are mere glimpses—Jacky's measles, Peggy's bout of illness after a surfeit of radishes, and such childish ailments. As a scholar at Westminster School, which he entered in 1748, Jacky was a very thin lad, but looked fresh with a healthy countenance. Though only eleven years old he was demanding to have his saddle and bridle ready for hunting when home on holidays. Peggy, too, became a rider when barely six. Their mother died sometime between 1756 and 1758, and her sister, Susanna Lyster, took charge of the children. As guardian her lot became extremely trying and unhappy, for Jacky was a difficult ward. Unhappily Peggy also suffered grievously on account of her brother's unfortunate illnesses.

Her aunt's only trouble with Peggy, it seems, was to guard her from small-pox, which in those days was a scourge much feared by young ladies. Her monotonous life in the country was now and then brightened by social visits to

kinsfolk and friends at Porkington, Rowton and Shrewsbury. Then holiday-time would see Jacky home with exciting news from School or College. Sometime after the death of her Aunt Susanna she made her home at Shrewsbury, leaving the family home at Penrhos under the domination of her brother. Some of her mother's family lived at Shrewsbury, and it was here that most of her life was spent.

How this obscure Welsh lady found her way into the fashionable literary circle which Mrs. Thrale gathered around her in Streatham remains something of a mystery. By the time she was thirty-four we know that, in addition to the Thrale family, she was on friendly terms with such notable people as Dr. Johnson, Dr. Burney, Fanny Burney, Boswell, William Seward and others. It would seem that she owed her introduction to the Streatham coterie to Mrs. Thrale. Fanny Burney, though not always reliable, speaks of Peggy Owen as a relative of Mrs. Thrale, but the family connection is not apparent, although in a letter to Mr. Stuart, dated August 27, 1817, Mrs. Thrale herself refers to her as 'an old friend and very distant relation.' As far as we know their first meeting was at Bath in 1777, when Peggy Owen dined with the Thrales. In March of the following year she was at a social gathering with Mrs. Thrale and her daughter Queeney, Johnson's youthful favourite, in Sir Joshua Reynolds's house. The circle of her town friends was now expanding rapidly. She was among the splendid company at Mr. William Paradise's on All Fools' Day, 1777; among others, there were present Prince Gonzaga Castiglione, the *Chargé d'Affaires* of Russia, the Countess of Rothes, Sir John Pringle and his Pig, Sir Joshua Reynolds and his sister, Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Thrale. About the same time she joined the Thrales, Dr. Johnson and others at a memorable party given by Dr. Burney at his house in St. Martin's

Street. Dr. Burney had lately become Queeney's music master and was a general favourite with the Streatham household. He was, moreover, a Shrewsbury man, which was enough to ensure her a welcome among the Burneys. In the *Memoirs of Dr. Burney* Fanny Burney gives her impression of Peggy Owen :

'Miss Owen, who is a relative of Mrs. Thrale's, is good humoured and sensible enough. She is a sort of butt, and as such is a general favourite ; though she is a willing, and not a mean butt ; for she is a woman of family and fortune.'

Her sister Charlotte, describing a Sunday morning meeting with Miss Owen in the Temple Gardens, dismisses her as 'an acquaintance and crony of Mrs. [Helen Maria] Williams'. Friendship with the Burneys was kept up and letters sometimes exchanged. The chief interest of the one here quoted lies in an obviously cold allusion to 'our late friend' Mrs. Thrale-Piozzi, whose unpopular marriage to the Italian musician, Gabriele Piozzi, alienated most of her friends.

NORBURY PARK,

NEAR LEATHERHEAD,

SURRY.

Nov^r. 11th —85 :

Can you, Dear Madam, look at the signature of this Letter without indignation ? indeed I am too much ashamed of so long deferring to answer the obliging note with which you honoured me, to attempt any apology, & therefore shall only throw myself upon your mercy, & entreat your pardon.

Your enquiry about Mrs. Paterson I am unable to satisfy. I have not seen Mrs. Reynolds for many months, & know no other of her acquaintance.

Miss Thrale is now at Brighthelmstone. I had the pleasure of hearing from her 2 Days ago. She is quite well, & has taken a House in Wimpole Street for the Winter. Her

sisters are at Mrs. Murray's, a Boarding School, at Kensington ; except Cecilia, who is still at school at Streatham.

Mrs. Ord, when in Town, lives in Queen Ann Street West. I believe she is now with her Mother at a village near Bath, but I expect to hear of her return to London soon.

Again I beg your pardon, Dear Madam, & should be most happy to receive it under your own Hand, if you could be so gracious as to accord it me. I am now at Mr. Lock's & believe I shall not go to Town before the new year. I am at a loss where to direct this, but must let it take its chance of following you.

I never hear from our late friend,—but *of* her I hear often, through those to whom she writes, & have the satisfaction to find she is well :—that well she may continue is far more my wish than expectation.—

I am, Dear Madam,
Your most humble
& Obedient servant,
F: BURNEY.

My Father is not with me, or I am sure I should be charged with his best Respects.

Address :

MISS OWEN
NO. 64 NEW BOND STREET,
LONDON.
To be forwarded to the Country.
[Deleted and readdressed :]
MISS OWEN
REVEN STREET,
SHREWSBURY
[Again deleted and readdressed :]
MISS OWEN
PORKINGTON.

Of the varied set which congregated under Mrs. Thrale's roof in Streatham—artists, authors, musicians, actors, gossips and hangers-on—Johnson stood head and shoulders above the rest in virtue of his arresting personality, scholarly attainments and brilliant conversation. Peggy Owen's association with the Doctor, therefore, assumes greater interest than her other Streatham friendships. It was Mrs. Thrale who probably brought them together in the first place. In time their acquaintance became a respectful friendship and they occasionally wrote to each other. Peggy would call on the Doctor for advice and comfort in her hour of trouble. Then sometimes they would meet at Streatham and Bath and at social functions organised by their friends. From Johnson's letters to Mrs. Thrale in the summer of 1780 it is clear that Miss Owen's troubles were arousing his deepest sympathies. At first, however, he was not unduly impressed by her. Boswell relates how, when on a visit to Bath, he dined on April 28, 1766, at Thrale's place in the company of Miss Owen and William Seward. At night, he adds, Johnson said Miss Owen did not grow upon him: 'I think her empty headed,' said Johnson. Some of the Streatham coterie were once discussing their discontent with male-administration and, proposing a female one, called on Dr. Johnson to arrange it. In his scheme he saw fit to place the Herald's Office under the care of Miss Owen, doubtless recalling her countrymen's extreme love of heraldry and genealogy. His sly dig at the Welshman's addiction to the 'science of fools with long memories' was probably much appreciated. In a letter to Mrs. Thrale, dated July 10, 1780, Johnson writes:

'Poor Miss O—— called on me on Saturday, with that fond and tender application which is natural to misery, when it looks to every body for that help which nobody can give.

I was melted ; and soothed and counselled her as well as I could, and am to visit her to-morrow. She gave a very honourable account of my dear Queeney ; and says of my master [Henry Thrale], that she thinks his manner and temper more altered than his looks, but of his alteration she could give no particular account ; and all that she could say ended in this, that he is now sleepy in the morning. I do not wonder at the scantiness of her narration, she is too busy within to turn her eyes abroad.'

How deeply he was moved by her distress may be gathered from the following newly discovered letter—a finely composed piece and a model of sympathy, tenderness and wisdom :

MADAM,

Though I have omitted to answer your letter I have not forgotten it, nor betrayed it. I have kept your secret, and pitied your situation. If I could send you any more useful than pity, I should be in more haste to write. I can only repeat the advice which I formerly gave you, to act as well as you can, and to suffer those evils which you cannot help to take as little hold as is possible of your thoughts. You will tell me that you cannot look on the disgrace of your family, and the waste of an ancient estate without great distress of mind. And what you say must be allowed to have great weight ; but every passion is stronger or weaker as it is more or less indulged and what I recommend to you is not insensibility, but a constant endeavour to divert your thoughts by reading, work, and conversation, and when you are alone to compose them by trust in God.

Write to me with full confidence whenever you are inclined. You shall have a more speedy answer. I sincerely wish you well, and should think it great happiness to contribute in any manner to your ease, and tranquillity.

If you find that your presence does any good endeavour to continue it, but if not, take care of yourself, and retire from the sight of evil which you cannot hinder, and which wears out your life in misery.

All is not happiness in other places. Mr. Thrale's apoplexy has much weakened him, and though in my opinion he may live many years, he will, I fear, always be weak and put into danger by slight irregularities. I am, for my part, better than when you knew me, and I am with great sincerity,

madam,

your affectionate and most humble servant,

SAM : JOHNSON

BOLT COURT, FLEET STREET, *March 8, 1781.*

What were the circumstances that prompted Johnson to write in this strain? What was behind Peggy Owen's woes and worries? There can be little doubt that the source of her troubles was her brother John Owen, whose conduct at times was extremely eccentric and painful. His aunt, Susanna Lyster, a kind and willing guardian, had her hands full to manage him. Trouble began when he entered Oriel College, Oxford, where he matriculated on February 7, 1758. He wished to be his own cash-keeper and have his pockets full, so his uncle from Porkington was called in. Even after he had come of age his aunt had to run his estates, collect his rents and put legal matters straight. The maddest schemes were brewing in his mind, and he was both headstrong and unreasonable. His relatives were harassed and anxious. In July, 1764, he planned a madcap journey to France to raise money. He bespoke a phaeton with harness for four horses to be ready for him on his return and proposed to send his servant to Ireland to collect a pack of dogs. As the young squire of Penrhos he was certainly going to

cut a dash. His aunt was much concerned about his wild designs and the instability of his behaviour. Extracts from her letters to Mrs. Owen of Porkington are illuminating :

'I am still of opinion that the Journey to France may be of the worst consequences, . . . I am griev'd for the account you give of *His Health*, as I suppose your intelligence is certain there was such a report at Shrewsbury, but so many false ones have been spread there of him, that I hoped it was not true. God grant he may have Sense enough left, to put himself under proper care on that account, & then, through his Blessing, he may be recover'd from both these dreadful Maladies & I hope Mr James will not be from Home when he comes next to Porkington. *His* discourse in praise of Cato &c was very shocking, & I dont wonder that Mr Owen felt himself terrify'd with it, but can there be a greater degree of Courage expected in me?' (July 24, 1764).

About the same time she writes :

'I was glad to hear he was tollerably Sedate last Night, for he had been far otherwise the night before, he told me he would behave to me with all the duty he ow'd me, provided I would let him alone to take his own way, but if ever he was us'd in the manner he had been, whoever attempted to seize him he would certainly Stab them, he seem'd very jealous of some such design, & ask'd me two different times if there was any such thing intended & was alarm'd at every thing that stir'd.'

While these unhappy spells lasted he sometimes took to the liquor-bottle. His malady was no less disturbing in the following summer, when men had to be hired to care for him. On a bill for thirteen attendances his barber complained that he was 'detained at each time at least four hours when shaving the Captain.' (John Owen held a commission in the militia.) The mood had passed by November 27, when Susanna Lyster writes :

'Poor Jack behav'd very well to me the whole time I was

there [Penrhos], & his Sister says he was more chereful then than she had seen him at any time since I went away, & I think he was very well on all acc^{ts}, excepting that he is more peevish to her than he should be. . . . I found him so good humour^d to me that I ventur'd, one Night, to say to him, I hop'd he w^d think it prudent to take some Physic in the Spring by way of precaution, which he promis'd to do.'

The unfortunate recurrence of her brother's disease was as distressing to Peggy Owen as to her aunt. Much of her life was saddened and impaired by it. That she was often distraught and unhappy may be gathered from her friends' frequent allusions to 'Poor Miss Owen.' Even Thrale in the gloom of his later years used to joke at 'her want of power to flash.' To use her own phrase, she was seldom 'up in the boughs.' Mrs. Thrale and others of her acquaintance pitied her no less than Johnson. Another signal of distress from Peggy brought Mrs. Thrale to Shrewsbury in August, 1791. A passage in P. S. Weston's letter (now in the John Rylands Library) to Mrs. Thrale at Shrewsbury is suggestive :

'My heart aches for Miss Owen. Make my affectionate Comp^{ts} to her & tell me how you find her ; if you are able at all to compose her distress & spirits & what can be done with her unfortunate Brother, to relieve her, with propriety, from the Pain of having him immediately under her Care ; which I suppose quite too much for her Spirits & their separation a measure absolutely necessary for her Peace.'

In a slightly earlier letter (August 15, 1791) Miss Weston writes : 'Poor Miss Owen !—Is her Brother Dead ?—or irrecoverable ?—or Worse ?—What is the matter ?'

Late in life John Owen—'in penance for past folly,' as he put it—became a generous benefactor of the poor and was highly esteemed in the Penrhos district for his charities. He died unmarried on December 18, 1823, aged eighty-two. His estate at Penrhos was valued at about £40,000. Accord-

ing to Mrs. Piozzi he got a large windfall in 1793 'by his crazy cousin of Porkington's burning himself to death airing his shirt.'

Mrs. Thrale-Piozzi's letters to Peggy Owen bear ample witness to the warmth and intimacy of their long friendship. Peggy Owen was one of the few that remained loyal after her marriage to the foreign musician, Piozzi. On August 17, 1784, Mrs. Piozzi writes: 'I have received the kindest & most tender Congratulations this moment from poor Miss Owen; See how early Friendships last! She and Stricky [Mrs. Strickland] were my first Intimates.' There was always a welcome for Miss Owen at Streatham, Brighton, Bath or Brynbella. Mrs. Piozzi speaks of the politeness and hospitality of her friend, who was delighted to display her celebrated visitors to the folk of Shrewsbury. Of a visit in March, 1800, she writes: 'The time past at Shrewsbury was full of amusement; Miss Owen feasted and fondled us, and called all the people round to feast and fondle us, and detain us till Thursday.'

The following letters are now published for the first time. The first belongs to the year 1778, when Mrs. Thrale bore her twelfth child. It contains Boswell's interesting statement that had he not been married he would have made Peggy Owen his wife. Boswell, incurably and often indiscriminately amorous, had met her at Bath on April 28, 1766. On the following day he notes in his Journal: 'Went to the New rooms. Giddy with the sight. The Miss Sharps took care of me. Then came Mrs. Thrale. She asked me to dance with Miss Owen. Did so to the tune of "Paddy Wake." Then sat long with her.' He again saw her in London on March 31, 1781: 'I met here at Mrs Thrale's tonight Miss Owen, a Welsh Lady of £10,000 fortune whom I regarded at Bath, where she was with Mrs. Thrale. We

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We

were glad to meet again. She had not been in London for a long time.' The Mrs. Maddocks alluded to in the second letter, which was written soon after the death of the Duke of Leeds on January 31, 1799, was Elizabeth, the second wife of John Edward Maddocks of Vron Iw, Denbighshire. Her mother became the Margravine of Anspach by her second marriage.

STREATHAM,

May 15 Fryday [1778]

MY DEAR MADAM

I enclose you the good Doctor's Letter again with a Frank according to your Commands. It used to be said I know that after divine Service the Congregation danced in the Churchyards of North Wales to the sprightly Notes of their Minister's Fiddle; I find the Custom is now left off, but I still wonder when they got rid of it—Dr Burney will be tender of our Honour I doubt not, as he is a Shrewsbury Man, & not say worse of the Welch than is true.

My four Girls are all well, & expect their new Companion every day; you will easily believe of Course that poor I am not well at all: but we must bear what God pleases I think, and be content with what he sends. All our Friends here are well, Boswell has been among us too, he says if he had not been married he would have had you. Seward goes soon to Harrowgate, the Times don't suit for a Foreign Journey: terrible Times everybody here says; the French Fleet gone to block up the Howes—& our Folks making Puppetshews at Portsmouth instead of following 'em. Taxes rising, & Stocks falling as old Croaker says—but I hear Ranelagh is so full every night that there is no getting a Dish of Tea till 12 o'clock, so the Individuals keep up their Spirits, & think little of Publick Concerns—six Executions at this Time however in Grosvenor Square. Ruin! Ruin is

now the fashionable Cry, & nobody seems to expect any other, yet we are as gay & as expensive if not more so than ever I knew.—I myself have got a new Bed to lye in for the 12th Time, ill worth the while as the other had served me so long : this however is a pretty Cotton, & lined with Green for the sake of the poor Eyes which you know suffer severely.

My Com^s always wait on Your Friends & Relations & I am with sincere Attachment Dear Miss Owen's

Affect^o & Obed^t.

H : L : THRALE.

The Tart shall tell you when I am dead or well.

MY DEAR MISS OWEN

wants a Chit Chat Letter, & a Chit Chat Letter She shall have : Dear Mr. Piozzi is in London—carrying the Boy to Mr. Davies's School. We left his worthiest Admirers at Shrewsbury, & much has he regretted since we had him about again, that Dr. Goodinge did not hear him sing as he has since been able. I will give him the musical Commands at his Return. We have got charming Siddons here among us, and Mr. Moreton & Mr. Andrews from London & many a pretty Evening do we spend : but Mrs. Madocks's will be a feeling loss next summer. . . . I hear indeed Vronew is not likely to be inhabited soon again. Its last Sweet Mistress had somewhat tender Health, & they would drag her over those Mountains into Merionethshire because Mr. Madocks hated to sing without her Accompaniment &c. So She miscarried . . . as I think I told you . . . and died here of the Consequences some Months after. The Margravine came & took her pretty Babies home, her Brother was at the Balls & Theatres and every thing till just before She died . . . expressing Vexation tho' at being delayed in a Place *not then quite fashionable* : her Husband gay, good humoured, &

light hearted, Sees all upon the favourable Side—& so People say he will soon marry again—Of Lady Stawel I hear nothing at all, good or bad. Poor Mrs. Madocks expired in a mean Lodging a Shoemaker's Shop I think in Milson Street & was buried by her own Ancestors . . . I forget the County. What seems most remarkable to *me* was her Aunts Husband a Clergyman Mr. Johnstone the moment he was told of her Death by oft-repeated Epileptic Fits . . . fell into one *himself*, & so continued, exactly in the manner *She* had done, *till he died too* : four days after a Lady . . . for whom he never had express'd any peculiar Care Affection or Regard. But the Burials here at Bath never were so frequent, the Bells tolling every Day and all Day long. This weather was expected to do good among the Invalids but nobody seems well as I see yet ; & if the Cold would cure us, here's enough on't.

The French are however well employed in Italy, they will avoid coming hither where nothing can be got but Blows : and they will not leave any Place unpillaged whose Spoils may serve as useful for the furnishing of Fleets to help our Enemies in Ireland.

I'm sorry for the Duke of Leeds's Death : The King has lost in him an able Counsellor, Society—a very pleasing Man : and my Heart recollects him as a Playfellow . . . I feel quite grieved for my own Part though in these later years we very seldom met . . . ten years ago I used to spend the Evings with Mrs. Lewis often in his Company—

Miss Ormsby has you say nothing to do now but be married . . . Some rich young Ladies find that Matter difficult, but *She* I hope will make it easy to her, & diffuse Happiness thro' all her Circle of Friends & of Relations.

This Place is more beautiful than ever . . . finer Streets, Newer Squares, London looks dirty & Commercial to it ;

Bath is the head Quarters of Pleasure and Gayety : our Stone Buildings give it such an Air of Cleanliness I wonder Ladies should not all prefer it to a Town where the People write me word no Carriage can be drawn without four Horses . . . no not a *Hackney Coach*.

Are you not sorry for the King of Naples ! to lose his little Boy by fear & Sickness hurried away so from his own Capital ? and *they do say* now that Lady Nelson may be a little sorry if she pleases, for that her Husbands *warm Feelings* for Italian Distress . . . springs from Love of a fair Neapolitan Lady. No wonder ! *That* has been ever more the *Siren's Coast*. Would you desire more or better Scandal ? Meanwhile the World is hasting rapidly to Ruin and its original Chaotic State. Every Country is shaken every Gov^t. battered or undermined—or both. Your old Friend Honoria Piggott pass'd an Hour with me this Morn'g in old Family Talk . . . past present & to come seemed dismal tho' & yet I think we parted not ill pleased with each other.

Mr. Ormsby must get his *Heel* to *heal* up as my Master's does . . . but there yet remains as Mr. Hay the Surgeon says a Quarry of Chalk behind. have you heard that Mrs. Leo will be soon a Widow ? Mr. Chappelow must get himself ready. Adieu Dear Friend & continue to love

Your own H : L : PIOZZI.

BRYNBELLA,

Monday 15 : Nov. 1802.

I am happy to see my Dear Miss Owen is well & merry, for so She must be to divert herself with Thinking of our buying a House in Shrewsbury—altho' She is herself an Inhabitant, & we have some *partial* Friends there.

The Gentleman whom you accuse me of laughing at because he squinted—will scarce be of the Number I suppose

—yet all my boasted Memory is not active enough to recollect any such Defect in any Acquaintance We made in your pretty Town.

Poor Mrs Adams ! She has carried her Father & Daughter both back to Ireland, & writes me word thence that She is so glad to find Mrs Ellen Owen left you 500^l : o' year *Landed Estate*. I wish that may not be a Blunder : and I wish too that her pretty Susan had pitched Tent among us Welsh Folks in the Vale of Clwydd : but that was not to happen. Mr. Ormsby has the Start of us this Year, I hope to be settled in Bath before we get Mr. Piozzi to his warm Winter Bed . . . as for dear Mr. Owen the Gout does him nothing *but* good I believe,—whilst he can walk 7 Miles, all harm is at a great Distance surely.

The Ladies at Llangollen have been much crowded with Company this year, but Wales is become quite a fashionable Tour : Lady Corke said they were 20 in Number at Mr. Maddocks's Place among the Craggs of Kader Idris. Holywell Hunt I have heard little about ; We did not go, nor have seen many that were there.

Miss Thrales pass'd their Summer in the Hebrides, Skie, Mull, & Staffa. What a dangerous Exploit ? but they are returned safe after all. Mrs. Siddons is at Dublin, more admired than ever ; She has 1200^l for playing there 20 Nights.

The People who go to France do not come home pleased, but several do not come home at all—Mrs Brotherton will probably be among them that stay.

Colonel Jones is very agreeable indeed, I value his acquaintance much & since *We met* at Bath, I have fallen into Company with some Officers who esteemed him greatly. Buonaparte does not like going to War with us again you see, while such fine Fellows protect our—*tight little Island*.

Did I tell you that we saw Sir Corbet Corbet & his Lady at the Opera last year? I think Time has had no Power over *his* Looks; it appear'd but three Days since I had seen him there before. They did not know *us*. Come now pluck up a Spirit and meet us at Bath early—very early in 1803. If the 500^l o' Year is but 250 it will do for Bath, Dear now come & be merry once more with your ever

H: L: P.

Address:

MISS OWEN OF PENRHOS
AT
SHREWSBURY.

*Monday—RODBOROUGH 6th
of May 1805.*

With the worst Inn's worst Pen, do I thank Dear Miss Owen for her most friendly Invitation . . . We were stepping into the Carriage when your Letter was put into our hands . . . at Bath . . . & had I put my Ans^r into the Post Office there, you would have received it sooner. We are engaged to dine with the Ladies at Llangollen next Saturday . . . & on Wednesday Eveng we must be at Shrewsbury of Course. If you are in right earnest—as the Children say, we will drive up to your Door, Luggage & all—but if we are a *monstrous Inconveniency*, get us kind Lady Apartments at the Lyon. I would rather be with you of Course, but we *do* plead Invalids & must have The Man & Maid with us.—You shall promise to return the Visit in Pultney Street, Bath, next Winter. Mr. Piozzi has taken a House there from Dec. 1805 to May 1806. Such a May as we have *now* is melancholy indeed, & I left long Faces in the Public Rooms on acct of our Fleets being at a Distance so; but we must leave These & many more Topics to discuss when we meet—If

we arrive pretty well (like the Wild Creatures) on next Wednesday, you shall shew us to your Friends on *Thursday*, if it will be any Amusement to them or *you*, To whom I have been long & truly

an obliged & faithful serv.

H: L: P.

We shall come only to Tea—not Dinner on Wednesday; but Thursday you shall *see* how we eat & drink, & you will I hope come over to Brynbella too, & partake our Wall Fruit . . . This late spring will save it whole.

Address:

MISS OWEN
AT MR. EDDOWES'S
MARKET PLACE
SHREWSBURY.

Peggy Owen died unmarried at Shrewsbury in 1816 and was buried at Penrhos on November 6. On the north wall of the chancel of Penrhos church there is a tablet erected to her memory by her brother John, but there is nothing to associate her with her celebrated friends. There should be somewhere, too, a portrait of her by Sir Joshua Reynolds; until 1816, when a Mr. Stuart bought it, it adorned the walls of the Thrales' house at Streatham, side by side with the paintings of Johnson, Garrick, Burke and other celebrities. Where is this portrait now? Insignificant and colourless though she was, she deserves a small niche in the history of the Streatham coterie.

IN LUCREZIA'S CHAMBER.

BY WILFRANC HUBBARD.

THE great carriage crossed the Ponte S. Angelo and turning to the left rolled down the Borgo Vecchio, scattering the few inhabitants that were abroad in that thoroughfare at a late hour of a winter's evening. Upon the box sat coachman and footman in black liveries ; but, as the carriage passed them, the street lamps revealed little of its interior save the presence of a solitary occupant leaning well back in one of the corners and only betrayed by a white dress that gleamed faintly against the surrounding darkness. The horses' hoofs clattered over the pavement of the Piazza of San Pietro, under the archways of the Sacristia, and, following the Via dei Fondamenti, came to a stand at the gate of the Vatican opposite to the old Zecca. Hurriedly the gate was thrown open while the Swiss guards stood at attention, for the carriage was well known to them. It clattered onwards through two courtyards into the great cortile of San Damaso. Here it halted before one of the smaller staircases and was quickly surrounded by Palace guards and Papal gendarmes. The footman, with a look on his face that was half deprecating, half supercilious, descended from the box to open the carriage door while gendarmes saluted and guards grounded arms with a clash of steel. But it was not its usual and expected occupant, an important personage, who emerged. A slight, boyish figure in the white frock of a bare-footed Carmelite came shyly out ; and yet more shyly attempted to acknowledge honours, that he knew well were not intended for him, before he swiftly ascended the steps

and was lost in the darkness of the staircase. The footman, with an ironical smile at the startled faces round him, remounted the box and the carriage rolled away.

The young monk ascended the badly lit staircase in great strides. Arrived at the Borgia apartment he timidly passed through a vast ante-chamber into a room where a priest was sitting alone behind a writing table. After formal salutations he presented him with a little card which the other turned over and over in his hands, reading and re-reading it through a portentous pair of spectacles. His round face, and startled eyes, wore the silly expression of a slave of custom suddenly confronted by something unusual and outside his general routine. He pursed up his lips and regarded the flushed face of the young monk with some disfavour.

'His Excellency has sent you with some papers for His Eminence the Secretary of State?' he said at last.

'Yes,' replied the youth.

'It is not the proper hour of reception. You should have come earlier. However you can leave the papers with me.'

'But I was to give them immediately into the hands of His Eminence myself; so that I can take back an answer.'

The round-faced priest still pursed his lips with an air of annoyance. He took off his large spectacles, wiped them, and read the card again as if searching for further light on the subject. Then he laid the card on a little silver tray and looked at it from that point of view. As he did so a bell rang behind him. He sprang to his feet and hurried to the door of an inner room just as it opened to let out a splendid apparition in crimson and purple who bestowed an affable smile upon his bowing back. Having escorted this dignitary into the ante-chamber where servants were waiting for him, he came back and again regarded the card with an air of

indecision. Again the bell rang behind him. This time he snatched at the salver with an air of desperate resolve and disappeared through the inner doorway. After an absence of a few minutes he returned and beckoned to the young monk to follow him, leading the way through two or three rooms to one where a tall figure was standing in the middle of the floor. The monk bent on one knee to kiss the ring on the hand extended to him. The hand waved him on to a chair where he sat down, still rather diffidently, and produced a big envelope from a pocket in his frock. The Cardinal took it from him, broke the seals and turned over the contents rapidly, now and then reading a document or putting it aside, while the monk watched him with grave and reverent attention.

The Cardinal was tall and heavily built. His official face, and life seldom offered him an opportunity of showing any other, was rather stern and austere. On those rare occasions when he was alone with some devoted friend or relation, both eyes and mouth could reveal a soft tenderness that utterly belied his usual aspect. He looked up now, and as his eyes encountered those of the youth who was watching him, his mouth relaxed in a very gentle smile.

'His Excellency writes that you are his nephew as well as his very faithful messenger. Also that you are the David whose music he can always depend on to banish his ill-humours. But he does not give me your name. You are a musician then?'

'I used to play the organ for my convent. Sometimes I play the piano here for my uncle. He had the permission of the convent to bring me with him to Rome as his private secretary. But it is only for a time, and I go back to my convent soon. I am called Brother Buenaventura.'

'Yes, but I meant your family name.'

'Benito Borgia. I come from Zaragoza. And it was there that I made my studies,' replied the other.

'Borgia! So it is on your mother's side that you are related to His Excellency. Yes, I remember hearing of your father. You should feel a little at home in these rooms since it was for a famous member of your family that they were originally decorated. Have you ever been in them before?'

The monk looked round him as he answered, 'Never beyond the ante-chamber.' And then he added. 'As your Eminence knows most people say that our family has nothing to do with the Borgias that came to Italy, and has no relationship with the descendants of the Pope. Nevertheless we ourselves like to believe in our old family tradition that claims a common descent.'

The Cardinal smiled. 'Well, you will have an opportunity now of making an acquaintance with the portraits of some of your ancestors. His Excellency says in this letter that he wishes you to bring him back an answer, but I cannot give an answer until I have consulted His Holiness and know his wishes. As it is now the hour when I generally visit him, you had better wait here for my return. I will tell my secretary to make you comfortable, as I may be absent for some little time, and he shall show you the frescoes of Pinturicchio and tell you all about them.'

The Cardinal rang his bell. He gave instructions to the round-faced priest, and with his help gathered together a sheaf of papers. With a friendly smile for his visitor, he opened another door on the other side of the room and was gone. The round-faced priest turned upon the monk his large round spectacles, behind which his round eyes looked more owlish than ever, and beckoned him to follow. But now his astonishment was no longer charged with dis-

approbation; it was mitigated by an eager and almost deferential friendliness.

'His Eminence wishes me to show you the rooms,' he said. 'Let us begin with this one,' and thereupon he plunged at once into a learned explanation of the details in Pinturicchio's frescoed walls and ceilings. The monk did not seem very interested. After some time he said apologetically, 'I don't think I understand much about painting. But I would like to see the portrait of the Pope Alexander which, I have been told, is in one of the pictures.'

The priest led the way to the painting of the Resurrection, and pointed out the kneeling figure of Alexander VI. at the side of the open tomb.

'That is the portrait of the Pope,' he said. 'And that figure there, the soldier holding a halberd, is the portrait of his son Cesare Borgia, the famous Cardinal.'

'But he is only a boy.'

'He was only a boy, probably, when Pinturicchio painted him. And his sister Lucrezia was not much older. I have shown you her portrait, have I not?' The priest led the way back again into the next room. 'There it is. She is represented as Santa Catarina of Alexandria disputing with the Eastern philosophers before the Emperor Maximin.'

'She was very beautiful,' said the monk.

The priest pursed up his lips. 'She was very learned,' he said reprovingly. 'Santa Catarina, I mean of course. You know how she held her own against all the pagan philosophers of the day. And, from my own knowledge of the Alexandrian School, I should say it would take a very learned woman indeed to meet their cunning skill in argument. I do not know if such questions interest you at all, but I may say that my own studies of the early days of the Eastern Church were sufficiently profound. That was long ago. I

have little leisure nowadays for study. Though I am still consulted as an authority by would-be writers on the subject. But I see that I have no longer your attention.'

For the young monk was still staring at Santa Catarina with manifestly no other thought in his mind and quite regardless of his companion and guide. He excused himself humbly and hastily. He had come off a long railway journey that very morning, he explained, and was still stupefied by two sleepless nights in the train. He begged the priest to forgive a discourtesy which was altogether unintentional, for he had truly been much interested in all that he had been telling him.

The good, round-faced priest was easily placated. Ah! those railways, he exclaimed, what a dreadful weariness was a long railway journey. He had himself been once as far as Bari. Never did he wish to go so far again.

'But look!' he added. 'Here is a comfortable chair. Why not sit down and rest quietly here till His Eminence returns.'

The young monk found himself forced in friendly fashion into a high-backed chair with deep velvet cushions. The priest left him with a slightly ironical '*buon riposo*' and went off into his own room to resume his interrupted labours—those arduous duties which left him no time for study. He looked at an almanac hanging beside him and, sighing heavily, searched for addresses in a directory; took two envelopes from a drawer, two printed cards from a pile before him, enclosed one in each envelope, addressed them, licked the envelopes, and closed them. Unlocked a drawer and took out two stamps which he placed on the envelopes with careful precision: locked the drawer again and put the key in his pocket. He seemed to have doubts about his patent inkstand and spent some time in screwing and unscrewing its top. He

looked at the clock and sighed again. After some thought he began again *da capo*, looked out more addresses, and stamped more envelopes, but always he was careful to relock the drawer after each lot of stamps that he took out. He did not always unscrew the top of his inkstand, and sometimes instead he rubbed the glasses of his spectacles with a red handkerchief. And very, very often he looked at the clock, which was surely the slowest clock in all Rome. Nor could anyone foretell the exact minute of the Cardinal's return. Sometimes he was away for hours.

Meanwhile in the inner room the other private secretary, the young monk, sat very still. No sound could reach him through the heavy velvet curtains that cloaked the closed doors. The room was lit by unseen lamps set on a large black circular frame that hung from the ceiling, shading all the lower portion of the apartment and throwing the light on the frescoes that covered the ceilings and the upper half of the walls. In the grateful shadow the youth sat motionless. His head, covered save for the tonsure with a short crop of fair curls, leant comfortably but wearily against the high back of the tall carved chair. He closed his eyes; but in a sudden panic fearing sleep he opened them again and fixed them once more on Santa Catarina whom he could see clearly from where he was sitting. A beautiful woman nobly dressed and nobly standing out, a royal figure, against the background of a motley turbaned crowd of unbelievers. How mean did even the Emperor himself appear as he sat there and watched the victim of his pitiful policy. The young monk wondered if among the crowd there were any who were present on the day when Catarina was broken on the wheel. He looked at the sweet dignity of her face, at the golden glory of her hair, at the loveliness of that gracious body, and wondered that men could ever have been found

to do such a hideous deed. He could not bear to think of it. His mind wandered from Santa Catarina to Lucrezia, and so to his own home which was the cradle of the Borgias also. More idly, more vaguely his thoughts wandered, further and further away from reality and a waking world, till the Saint herself, who now seemed quite close to him, laughed and said in a sweet musical voice.

‘But I am not the Saint. I am not Catarina. We are both Borgias, you and I, my little Benito, and I am Lucrezia. Much nearer to you in blood than the learned Saint. And much more beautiful than was ever that poor, good and pious soul.’

And then he saw that her eyes were bright and gay and her soft mouth smiled and was no longer grave and serious as in the painting. And Benito was pleased when she ran her slender fingers through his short curls.

‘My little cousin,’ she said. ‘I rejoice to meet a kinsman but I am grieved to see him in that dress. Surely Spain has more need of soldiers to-day than of monks. How came you to take a monk’s vows?’

Benito thought that he hardly knew indeed how this had come about, though he had put the same question to himself many and many a time. However Lucrezia did not seem anxious to get an answer. She sat beside him, perched on an arm of the great chair; her full lips, like red rose leaves, were parted above the white pearls of her teeth; her great eyes smiled down upon him, while the golden cascade of her long curling hair fell all about her shoulders and, like a veil, shrouded them both from prying eyes. He felt her soft hands caressing his face and neck just as the gentle hands of Mariquita were wont to do during that wild but happy time before she left him; left him, alone and desolate, to marry his elder brother the Marqués del Moncayo. Left

him against her will, she said. Poor Mariquita ! and poor Benito too ! Perhaps that might be the answer to the question that Lucrezia had asked him.

'But why not then have become a soldier ?' said a voice from the doorway. The boy, Cesare, was standing there. He propped his halberd against the wall and, coming to them, sat on a bench at his sister's side, impatiently brushing away her hair that he might see them better. 'Why not a soldier ?' he repeated. 'Tell me that. If I could throw away a cardinal's hat for a soldier's helmet, surely you might still change a monk's frock for a more befitting dress. Do you think the Duke of Valentino ever regretted during those early days or wished to be anything else than the good soldier that he was ? Let them say what they will, who but I saved all Romagna for the Holy Church and humbled the pride of Rimini, Faenza, and Pesaro ?'

'Ah, Pesaro !' sighed Lucrezia.

'Folly ! What regrets can you have for Pesaro. Would you weep for the country of a husband that was never your husband ?'

'You say that easily,' his sister retorted. 'I was never asked if I would have him for a husband or not, nor if he were my husband or not. Was ever a woman bought and sold as I was ! Oh, I could weep indeed to think of how little you ever recked of my happiness. What did you care when your men left poor Alfonso bleeding on the stony street ? He at least was my husband, even in your eyes. And, when I tried to nurse him back to life, who sent masked murderers to finish their bloody work and strangle him on my very bed ? Was that your care for me ? O Cesare, and you said you loved me and wished me well !'

'Wished you well ! What other thought had I than to do the best I could for you ? I wished you to be Queen of

Naples, but Naples had to go ; we could not keep him on his throne. So I would have you Duchess of Ferrara. Who but I married you to Ferrara ? Were you not happy with him ? Come, answer me truly, were you not happy both as a wife and mother ?'

'Happy ? Yes, I was happy. But do you think I forget so easily and that the bleeding corpse of Alfonso never came between Ferrara and me to reproach my happiness ?'

'Folly ! I don't believe the thought of Alfonso Bisceglia ever cost you an hour's sleep, my pretty sister. I loved you well, and you know it. You don't imagine that it was for my own gain or pleasure that the Neapolitan died ; or that I should have cared if he lived or died, had it not been for the welfare of the Church and your own good. Come, be honest. You were happier with Ferrara than you would ever have been with the King of Naples who was doomed to disappear. Confess that you, at least, were happy : do not let me think that all my scheming, all my fighting, my many griefs, my many sacrifices were all in vain. What reward did I ever win for myself ? When the Chair of Peter, for which I had schemed and toiled, was usurped by the most bitter foe of our house ; when the canting hypocrite, della Rovere, cheated me of the throne that was my due, what complaint did I make ? I said nothing. Though, after all the valiant fights that I had waged in the service of the Church, it was della Rovere that sat on the throne, and I in the dungeons of Santo Angelo. I make no complaint myself ; let others complain of me if they will. But I think the last to reproach me should be the sister whom I fondly loved and protected.'

Lucrezia stretched out her hand and laid it on that of Cesare. 'My little brother,' she said, 'I do not reproach you and indeed I love you well.'

Benito looked up and, when he saw him now, was grieved for Cesare. No longer was he the youth of the halberd, the blithe soldier, the gay lover. It was a broken man that sat in his place. His face was deeply lined by sorrow, anger, and sore disappointment. His shoulders were bowed, his back bent with the weight of many anxieties and the greater burden of bitter memories.

'Nevertheless,' thought Benito, 'it is well to love one's father and one's sister, but what of one's brother? I had no reason to love my brother, the Marqués, who stole my mistress, but I would never have killed him. Old and tender memories of our childhood would always have protected him. As for that, I love him still.'

'What!' cried Cesare, half starting from his seat. 'Does the young fool think me guilty of that accursed deed! What kind of a Borgia is he that he should believe the slanderous gossip, the vile lies that pass from one foul tongue to another, invented by the scum of the city, the offscouring, of a servile mob of slaves and bastards? I loved my brothers Gandia, no less than he loved his own. Nay, even more, for I had no quarrel with him. Did I leave a stone unturned in Rome to discover his murderers? They escaped, but I knew well whence they must have come. They came from Ostia; but who could prove it? That he cozened me out of the Papal throne was not the only grief that I had against old della Rovere. When they brought my brother's body dripping from the Tiber and I saw the savage wounds that had pierced it, had I no thought of our old love then and our childhood, of my brother and my playfellow? O, Gandia, my dear, my dear.'

Cesare buried his face in his hands. Lucrezia gently soothed him with soft words and caresses. Benito wanted to tell him that he did not believe him guilty; that he had never

believed it. But his tongue was tied. Speech would not come to him. It mattered less because the other two seemed to read his thoughts. So he was content to let Lucrezia speak for both and leant back quietly in his chair, his cheek cushioned against the wealth of Lucrezia's long waving curls.

'He does not believe it,' she assured Cesare. 'He is a good Borgia and knows his own people. And what care we for the rest of the world? Let them and their dogs scavenge in the muck-heaps of the archives where our enemies have spat their venom. Here we are three Borgias who understand each other. And here we sit in the chamber that once was my own; where once I sat in my father's place and ruled all Christendom while he was busy chastising the insolence of Colonna and Orsini. Here we sit to-day, two of us who spent our lives in fighting for the supremacy of the Church and one who is going to follow in our steps. Are you not, my little Benito?'

'But not in that dress,' protested Cesare. 'We are soldiers, we Borgias, soldiers of the Church if you will, but neither priests nor monks.'

'What say you, Benito?' asked Lucrezia. 'A monk can be absolved from his vows. And for some monks it is better that they should be. Had you no mistress to whom you would gladly return? Look, Cesare, what a pretty fellow he is. He is a true Borgia. And he has our mother's fair curling hair, like my own.'

'Had he no mistress to whom he might return? Should he go back and steal Mariquita from his brother's arms? Mariquita loved him still. At least, so she made him believe. But what of his brother then?'

'My friend, one woman is as good as another,' broke in the harsh voice of Cesare. 'And the world is full of women. Take my advice and keep clear of them all, unless you can

use them for a good purpose. But there is no need to be a monk in order to be free of them. I would never let any woman into my counsels ; not even my sister here, though I trusted her more than another. Many a woman has boasted of my love ; but no one could pretend that she had held me for long. Woman is like Fortune, not to be relied on. Take what she offers you, but be not grateful nor expect more from her. Fortune is a woman,—an old friend of mine once said,—and if you want to keep her you must do it by blows and ill-usage. For like a woman she loves violence and heat rather than cold caution. And for that reason Fortune favours the young. If I were young as you are, if I were beginning life again, this Italy would have a ruler more worthy of her past.'

Cesare sighed as he continued, 'Yes, I trusted Fortune too far, the treacherous jade. And so della Rovere ruled in Rome and a price was set on my head. And yet, God knows, I left little to the hazards of chance. Oliverotto and Vitellozzo, Orsini and Pagolo, can all bear witness to my prudence. Aye, and many other men as well. Only fools are merciful.'

But Lucrezia kept silence. And Benito knew that she loved mercy more than violence. He wondered too, if she loved faithfulness also ; or if she believed, as Cesare said, that it was folly to look for faith between man and woman. Did she think, as her brother did, that love was for a day or a night ? It was not so that he had loved. Or that Mariquita had loved. At least, so Mariquita had sworn to him.

But now Lucrezia bent down more closely over him. Her wide grey eyes looked into his ; her lovely lips almost touched his own.

'So,' she whispered, 'you have not forgotten after all.

There were no waters of forgetfulness in your convent. The fountain splashed in its little basin in the patio and whenever you passed you heard it lisp her name. In the convent garden the birds still were singing, and what was the refrain of their song but her name,—just her name. The organ echoed through the high arches of the convent church, and its high notes lingered and died upon her name. What cloister could save you from that memory? Did it not pursue you all the day and haunt you by night in your cell? And now tell me her name,' she whispered.

But Benito would not; or, rather, he could not.

'Tell me her name,' she insisted. 'I cannot hear you. Speak more loudly. Tell me her name.'

'Mariquita,' he stammered. But still she shook him by the shoulder. He made a violent effort to speak and at last he cried aloud, though still his voice sounded stifled in his ears—'Mariquita—Mariquita.'

And as he cried out he opened his eyes, and looked into the face of the Cardinal who, bending over him, was gently shaking his shoulder to rouse him from his sleep. He stared at him still dazed.

'My poor boy,' said the Cardinal. 'I am afraid I have kept you waiting very long.'

'I beg your pardon, Eminence. Pray forgive me. I was asleep, I think.'

'And dreaming too,' returned the Cardinal with a gentle smile.

'And dreaming,' repeated Brother Buenaventura. 'Yes, I must have been dreaming too. One cannot always prevent oneself from dreaming,' he added apologetically.

'Do not be afraid of dreams,' the Cardinal said quietly. 'There is no harm in them; as long as you remember that they are only dreams.'

AN EDINBURGH 'DOER.'

BY JAMES FERGUSON

IN the background of every eighteenth-century Scottish family of standing and property was the figure of the 'doer,' the lawyer who looked after the laird's business affairs in Edinburgh. To us to-day he is usually a dim figure, indicated only by the signature at the end of some dry-looking documents which turn up in the drawers or cabinets of old country houses. He did not as a rule leave behind him the kind of letters which one reads through in search of sidelights on national or family history; and the examination of his remains is a task for specialists who can understand tailzies and wadsets and the other mysteries of old Scots law.

Yet the 'doer' himself was a human being. When Robert Louis Stevenson wrote *Kidnapped*, he portrayed a lively and lovable man in the pleasant figure of Mr. Rankeilour, with his Latin tags and his convenient propensity to forget his spectacles. A man who might have been Rankeilour's acquaintance and was, so to speak, his contemporary, came into my ken the other day by means of a bundle of letters belonging to a descendant of his employer; and the perusal of his correspondence makes him a living character—conscientious, precise, devoted to his business, and content with the active little world of Edinburgh. I think of him as a little, stout man, his brow furrowed with small worries, his eyes turned rather apprehensively on the doings of the politicians and the generals and their possible effect on prices and taxes; in whom political upheavals and the threat of foreign war or domestic rebellion usually produce the be-

wildered comment, 'What all this will turne to God only knowes.'

His name was James Nasmyth, writer in Edinburgh. From about 1720 to 1750 he acted as 'doer' for Alexander Murray of Broughton, a Galloway laird living at Cally, near Gatehouse-of-Fleet. This Murray was no relation of that other Murray of Broughton who came of a Peeblesshire family and earned an unenviable immortality as 'Mr. Evidence Murray' by his behaviour after the 'Forty-five. Alexander Murray represented an old family in the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright. His father had married the heiress of the Lennoxes of Cally, and apparently left Alexander very comfortably off, with an estate to which he added by considerable purchases of land. His marriage to Lady Euphemia Stewart, daughter of the fifth Earl of Galloway, seems to have increased his fortune and his responsibilities. He also owned property in Ireland, granted to his great-grandfather by James VI. Accordingly a great deal of business provided material for a frequent correspondence between the laird of Broughton and his doer.

But estate management and enlargement are not the only topics of these letters. The distance of Galloway from Edinburgh, and the notorious badness of country roads before the days of Telford and outwith the operations of Wade, made the Murrays' visits to Edinburgh very rare events, and the commissions entrusted to Nasmyth made him much more than a mere law-agent. He carried out every kind of charge for his employer, from engaging servants to getting watches mended. A new top for Broughton's cane, a writing-desk for his son, a case of oranges, a pair of Communion cups, glassware, cloaks, wigs, and walnuts are among the articles which Mr. Nasmyth is directed to procure and despatch to Galloway. It is a

striking commentary on the difficulties of transport in George II's time that 'a wryteing desk and drawers for Mr. Murray, 200 weight common barley, 100 weight pearl barley, and a stone weight millet seed' were sent by ship from Leith, presumably all the hazardous way of the Pentland Firth and the Minch. Lighter goods were sent by carrier, sometimes to their hurt, like the 'chest of oranges' entrusted to John Walls, the Dumfries carrier, in February, 1734. 'I charged him,' wrote Mr. Nasmyth indignantly, 'to forward the fruit with the utmost dispatch lest they should spoyle by lying. But there is no trusting these fellows.'

Another of this hard-worked man's responsibilities was to keep his employer supplied with reading matter. 'Wee have a new paper published here,' he writes in the same month as the unlucky affair of the oranges; 'I send you one for a specimen. If you lyke it you may be furnished with them weekly.' Again:

'You have by the bearer a book upon improvement said to be wryt by Provost Lindsay [the Lord Provost of Edinburgh], and a pamphlet which takes it to peices reckoned to be wryt by Lord Grange and another newly publish't at London. They are all new and may give some amusement when you have a leisure hour.'

Sometimes the books and pamphlets he sends throw an interesting light on the composition of a country gentleman's library. 'Please also receive the Edinburgh Almanack for the present yeare, the Advocat's "Letter to a Bishop"—this was a weighty pamphlet on the fashionable Hutchinsonian theology from the pen of Duncan Forbes of Culloden—' and another little book just published and in great vogue for countrey use, together with the Political Works of Fletcher of Saltoun bought for you some tyme agoe. The appearance of the second volume of Bishop Burnet's

History of his Own Time (ten years after the first) is also noted: 'I shall send your copy with some very curious pamphlets lately come downe by the first opportunity that offers.'

The management of Broughton's affairs brought Mr. Nasmyth into contact with some eminent lawyers. Charles Erskine of Barjarg, later Lord Tinwald, who rose to be Lord Justice Clerk, was often consulted; and so was Alexander Lockhart, afterwards Lord Covington, that energetic and brilliant advocate who threw himself into the affairs of his clients with such enthusiasm that, as a contemporary notes, 'he seemed to think he could not do enough for them.' It is strange to find how cheaply the services of such a man could be obtained in those days.

'Mr. Lockhart came to town Saturday evening' (reports Nasmyth in May, 1741). 'I waited on him yesterday, laid your whole papers before him which I perused with him one by one allong with a memoriall and queries which I had before taken from them, and thereafter left all with him till this evening when I got them back with his signed opinione of the whole . . . together with a scroll of the disposition . . . which is also perused and signed by him and me as you order.'

Such rapidity in business might be expected of a man who regularly sat down to his desk soon after four o'clock in the morning, but it is startling to find Nasmyth diffidently adding, 'I gave him three guineas, observeing he was att a great deal of pains, which I am hopefull you will approve of.'

But that was an age when an eminent professor's salary might be no more than £70 a year, and a minister's stipend much less. At the other end of the scale we find Nasmyth, in 1734, describing a prospective footman as 'extravagant in his wages' because 'he will have no less than £5 [a year]

besides twenty shillings of the house drink money.' Although the candidate was 'a sightly neate fellow and as I am told sober,' with 'ane exceeding good character,' Nasmyth finally engaged for the Murrays another applicant—'young but seems abundantly smart and I am told is very sober'—at only '£3 per annum of wages and twenty shillings of the house drink money and his charges to the country.'

When business matters were despatched, Nasmyth filled up his letters with public news. There are echoes in his letters of Frederick the Great's Silesian campaigns, of Admiral Vernon's disastrous West Indian expedition in 1740-1, when Tobias Smollett served as surgeon's mate on board the *Cumberland*, of the threatened French invasion in 1744, and of Walpole's fall and the beginning of Pelham control in Parliament. Political gossip is frequent, whether from 'above', as Nasmyth generally calls the distant arena of Parliamentary battles, or from Scottish constituencies, where the families of Dundas and Hope and Erskine were beginning their rise to political eminence. He has a keen eye, too, for the probable effects of Government's doings on his employer's affairs: 'the Commons have voted 20,000 seamen for the service of the year, and if the land forces bear a proportion wee may expect a swingeing Land Tax.'

Here and there in these letters stirs the dust of long-forgotten controversies. Lord Grange, that talented, hypocritical bundle of twisted ambitions, refusing to be kept out of Parliament by Walpole's statute excluding judges from sitting in it—perhaps aimed deliberately at him—resigns his judge's gown to return to the bar and enter the Commons as M.P. for Stirling burghs. 'Mr. Erskine of Grange,' reports Nasmyth, 'now shyne att the bar as he always did on the bench when he had a mind to it and is exceeding

throng in bussiness.' Another letter, of March 10, 1734, refers to the suspension of the Rev. Ebenezer Erskine from his charge at Stirling, as a result of his uncompromising attitude against the system of patronage in the Kirk. On the day appointed for the intimation of the sentence,

'the mob got up as it's said to the number of 4,000 and neither the magistrats nor the military thought fit to meddle with them, so the thing is undone. What all thir things may turne to' (comments Mr. Nasmyth as usual) 'God Almighty knows.'

Their ultimate result, for one thing, was the formation of the Secession Church.

General news in Nasmyth's letters, apart from political events, includes what might be called an intermittent gossip-column concerning society in the capital. He chronicles marriages and deaths, and notes in particular the movements of Lord Stair, perhaps the most eminent man in Scotland in the 1730's with the exception of the Duke of Argyll, and plainly the object of his admiration. Some of his news reminds us that Scottish society, in spite of the Union, still centred in Edinburgh. The spring of 1734 was full of activity.

'Thursday evening' (writes Nasmyth on March 23) 'the Duke and Dutchess of Queensberry aryved att their lodgeing in Cannongate. The Duke of Buccleugh is to be att Dalkeith this night. A great many others of the nobility are expected here so that in appearance wee shall have a gay summer.'

The Duke of Atholl is appointed Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly, 'who are lyke to have warm work.' The Duke of Marlborough comes north, 'for whose receptione Pinkie House it's said is fitting up'; and Robert

Dundas of Arniston, destined fourteen years later to succeed Duncan Forbes as Lord President of the Court of Session, is entertained by the freeholders of Midlothian at the end of April in the cramped old Assembly Room in the West Bow,

'where after dinner they gave him their solemn thanks for the good service he had done the natione in generall, this countie in particular, and beg'd of him to stand for their member now with assureances of adhæring to him as one man.'

Mr. Nasmyth did not, save on professional errands, move among the *élite* of Edinburgh legal society, and he lived before the great days of Edinburgh clubs, when lords and *literati*, advocates and agriculturalists, mingled in the convivial gatherings of the Cape, the Select Society, or the Poker Club. His only recorded acquaintance of interest to us to-day was William Adam the architect, the father of the famous Adelphi brothers. In 1742, when Adam was at the height of his powers and reputation, had already built the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary, and was about to build Inveraray Castle, Alexander Murray toyed with the notion of employing Adam to design him a new house, and Nasmyth was instructed to approach him. 'He tell's me,' reported the doer, 'that the least he ever had when called att such a distance to make out a plan of a house is twenty guineas and that free of charges out and in.' Incredible as it appears, Broughton seems to have thought this modest charge excessive. In a later letter Nasmyth assured him that Adam was 'far from being a money catcher,' adding with unconscious irony that 'on the contrair he is very often bitt by bargains he makes.' Matters hung fire, however, and at the end of September, though Nasmyth 'conversed him att great length over a glass of wyne,' Adam could not be persuaded

'to goe att this season of the yeare on the terms you are pleased to mentione.' As the new house of Cally was not built till Alexander Murray had been thirteen years in his grave and Adam fifteen in his, it remains uncertain whether its handsome design was Adam's or not.

More interesting, perhaps, than the long-vanished glitter of Edinburgh society of 200 years ago are the glimpses of what Mr. Nasmyth saw and heard talked about as he went about his business or dallied at the Old Mercat Cross of Edinburgh, where the merchants and the lawyers met at noon to discuss the affairs of the city and the state beneath the crowned tower of St. Giles, scattering the music of its chimes above the narrow, malodorous streets and the smoke of their crowded chimney-pots. The sudden death of Lord Daer is one topic of conversation, 'of a dead palsie as they call it,' after he had danced himself into a fever at an Edinburgh ball: 'the old Earle is inconsolable, he being his only sone.' A severe epidemic of something like influenza strikes the city in January, 1742,

'occasioned, I reckon, by the extraordinary variableness of the weather, and so many of our Lords [of Session] are confined that this day they were obleidged to rise as soon as set for want of a quorum, a thing I never remember to have knowen before.'

The death of a great landowner has its repercussions. 'Duke Hamilton is either dead or dying att Bath . . . which must be a loss to the countrey as he spent his estate in it.' The price of meal is up or down, and the probable effect on trade of a reported cruise of the French fleet is gravely discussed.

The excitement of the Porteous riot and its sequel would have given Mr. Nasmyth much to write about, but unfortunately his letters of 1736-7, like those of 1745-6, are

missing. The most thrilling event he actually describes is the fire of May, 1741, which did 'incredible damneage.' On this, like other happenings, Mr. Nasmyth looks with a strictly professional eye.

'The insureance of the houses burnt downe amounts to £2600 sterling, damnage to furniture &c. to many thousands more, besides losses that are not to be repaired. Ronald Crawford, Wryter to the Signet, doer for Lord Selkirk, Lord Dair, and a great many more people of distinctione, hath lost all his papers of immense value and scarce got out with life . . . The Parliament House and New Church [St. Giles] were filled with furniture from the familys who judged it necessary for them to move. In short there was nothing but a horror and confusione the whole toun over, so terrible apeareance the flames made. But this is too dismall a scene to dwell on.'

Through all his correspondence, Mr. Nasmyth appears a diligent and devoted servant of Broughton's interests, and writes painstakingly voluminous accounts of all his proceedings. One story which continues by instalments for several months concerns a search in the Laigh Parliament House (now part of the National Library of Scotland) for an old charter of the lands of Broughton, 'where the lands are disigned a barrounie.' The quest goes on from December, 1733, to April, 1734, and is at length abandoned after it has ranged 'from the [year] 1300 to 1600 without finding any thing that can be of use. I am sorry for the expence,' adds the good man, 'as it happens to be thrown away'; and he reminds his employer of 'the records having been caryed to London during the usurpatione,' when 'above thirty tun of them were cast away att sea when comeing home after the Restoratione.' An extract from the records costs, he reports, 'no less than 120 merks tho' it's but a sheet of paper.' No wonder that he remarks later

of the Parliament House, 'I have an aversion att going there because of their exorbitant fees.'

The fire of 1741 and the shocking loss of Mr. Ronald Crawford, W.S., determine Mr. Nasmyth to prepare against any similar accident. 'I have caused make a strong box of wainscot with iron bars,' he writes in February, 1742, 'in which I keep all your papers, which I hope you'll approve of.' In August he assures his employer: 'Whatever comes of me, all will be found together and in good order.'

His letters show that he was completely trusted by the Murrays, and their style is sometimes a curious blend of subservient formality and easy intimacy. Every one begins with the words 'Honoured Sir,' and ends with the usual ceremony of the period; yet what comes between is sometimes almost chatty, and he more than once refers to his wife, evidently in allusion to some joke between himself and his employer, as 'the waefull woman.'

He outlived Alexander Murray by nearly four years, dying on February 8, 1754, at the age of sixty-four. Their connection had lasted for at least thirty years, and only once does it seem to have been ruffled. This was in November of the year 1743, when Nasmyth took it into his head that his employer had spoken slightly of him to an acquaintance and cast doubts on his professional honesty.

'This' (he wrote bitterly) 'is not the ordinary way people of your rank take with their doers. If you meane by it you are wearie of my service let me know and you shall have no paine for you are never to lose a shilling by me.'

Yet even this indignant missive begins and closes as usual with 'Honoured Sir' and 'Your most obedient humble servant.' A mollifying reply brings his apology.

'If any thing unguarded hath escap't me I beg, Broughton,

you'll lay it where it certainly is—to my weakness and the surprize this incident gave me which would have affected a man of more fortitude than I . . . Your very good letter of the 11th makes me quite happy as it frees me from the anxiety I have been under least by my owne rashness I should have given ane interuptione to a correspondence which I have always considered as one of the greatest blessings of my life.'

TELLING THE BEES.

(A CHILD'S LAMENT.)

Nancy's dead ! or else to-morrow
Should ha' been her wedding day.
Only eighteen ! There's a Sorrow !
Mustn't even want to play.

Jest sit still, and make up posies,
Not want cookies with our teas !
Father's gone to cut more Roses,
Mother's gone to tell the Bees.

Says we mustn't risk them goin' ;
Honey means our bread and cheese :
Ain't it queer, sich small things knowin' ?
Nancy always loved the Bees.

LOUISE L. RUTHERFORD.

STONES.

BY M. SINTON LEITCH.

'WHAT is the matter with Gran'pa?' As Mother paid no attention to my whispered question, I tugged at her dress. 'Mother, look,' I said, in a voice still low but sharpened by fear. I pointed to the half-open door that led to the study from the hall where we stood.

Bowed over his large flat-topped desk, his head on his arms, sat my grandfather. It was not his attitude in itself which frightened me; as for that, he might have been asleep. But I knew that he was not asleep. His stillness was absolute, but there was in his immobility a strange, pent-up violence. I was a little boy of only seven years at the time, yet I felt, nevertheless, the implications of tragedy in the pose of that terribly mute figure before me. I stood rigid and staring.

My mother's only response to my insistence was to take my overcoat from the Dolly Varden and bid me put it on. I obeyed mechanically, my eyes still intent on my grandfather's still form. A log crackled in the study, throwing a spark on to the rug before the hearth. I took a step toward the door, but fear held me in its grip and I watched the cinder burn a hole in the carpet, then turn slowly from red to black.

At this moment my Aunt Prudence tiptoed into the vestibule. After bidding me good-bye she whispered to Mother: 'He has been like this for hours.' My aunt, usually lively and high-spirited, had tears on her cheek. Her appearance startled me the more as I had not known that grown people ever cried.

Mother took her hand and pressed it. 'You know, Prue, how sorry I am—but it's over now. At least the shock is past.' Then with a nod toward the study, she added: 'It's best to leave Father entirely alone. That is the only way we can help him.'

'Yes,' agreed my aunt. 'When he rouses I will let you know.'

'Oh, thank you. I shall be so grateful,' said Mother. 'You will send Marta over?' Marta was my grandfather's faithful maid-of-all-work. Aunt Prudence nodded. We went away then, treading as softly as though we were leaving a chamber of death.

Our house was a short half-mile from the old homestead where my aunt and my grandfather lived. As I trudged along beside Mother, I said nothing to her about the matter that I knew possessed both our minds. With a child's sensitiveness I was aware that she did not wish to speak of it.

Marta came over late that evening. I had been sent to bed, but was sitting in my night-clothes at the top of the stairs watching in the hope that she might arrive with a message. I heard her say to Mother that 'Dr. MacHenry had got up and gone to his room and that, though he hadn't et nothin', Miss Prue was sure he was safe in his bed.' I stole off to the nursery then, a great weight lifted from my heart. I could not have gone to sleep without knowing that that desolate figure sat no longer bowed over the desk before the study fire.

So sharply was the stern, austere form of my grandfather etched upon my mind in the few moments of that one afternoon that other impressions of his personality have been blurred, in fact almost effaced. I was taken to the old homestead almost daily during those years; yet there

remain to me from the visits there only my sense of awe on being led into the long parlour, with the shades drawn that the carpet might not fade, and my immense relief when, the somewhat formal greetings over, I was permitted to run and play.

Grandfather died in 'seventy-nine or 'eighty. It was in May of 'seventy-six that he had become for me the melancholy figure he remains in my consciousness. Before his death, a professorship in a distant college had taken my father and his little family far from Fordham, but when Father too was gone Mother returned to the village of her birth and youth. There she and Aunt Prudence lived together in the beloved old homestead that their father's father had built. And thither I went for a flying visit whenever I could escape from New York, which had long held me in its clutches.

During one of these brief periods of respite I learned something of the mystery of that May day of so many years before. The subject had never since that afternoon been broached between my mother and me. I had frequently felt the stirrings of curiosity with regard to it, but, remembering the reticence Mother had shown at the time, I supposed that some family secret lay at the root of my grandfather's despondency, and so I had held my tongue.

It was Mother herself who broke, however unwittingly, the silence we had maintained about that day. She suggested that we look over together some old family papers. She had found them in a forgotten drawer, she said.

She and Aunt Prue were very old ladies now and were living much in the past. I hardly recall how they appeared when they were young. Mother's looks I suppose I took for granted when I was a boy. And as for Aunt Prue, even on the day that I remember so vividly when I surprised her

with tears on her cheek—and she was no more than a girl then—it is the memory of her crying that remains with me rather than her features or colouring.

But I have often been told that both women were very lovely; indeed they have said so themselves, with that harmless reminiscent vanity to which old age is prone. And they were handsome still in fact, in their latter years. Mother's hair was snow-white without any streaks of yellow, and even her wrinkles were pleasantly etched on her gentle face. She and my aunt looked much alike save that Aunt Prudence had brown eyes while Mother's were blue. And in their manner there was this marked difference, that my aunt kept her hands still when she talked—whenever they were not busy with her knitting—while Mother was continually making with hers delicate, graceful gestures.

We were sitting in the long parlour on that day when the silence about my grandfather was broken. We were grouped about the open fire which I kept burning briskly as the time was mid-winter. Aunt Prudence's tireless knitting-needles flashed in the glow from the pine logs. Mother pointed to the old mahogany centre table.

'You would hardly guess that there was a drawer on this side, would you?' she said. 'I had not suspected it through all these years. But here it is,' she exclaimed, pulling it out as she spoke. 'I discovered the papers in it last week, but I kept them to look over with you,' she told me.

She laid the pile on the table between us. There were numerous old letters that were of interest to us all, some of them written to Grandfather by Mother and Aunt Prudence themselves. We spent an hour or more in that sort of reminiscence in which enjoyment is inevitably tinged with melancholy.

'Here is a note to Grandfather, signed Rush Barton,'

I said. 'Would you like to hear it? It is dated eighteen-seventy-six.'

Aunt Prudence let her knitting fall in her lap and sat looking at me with startled eyes. Mother reached out a hand and took the faded letter. 'Rush Barton,' she said very low. The sheet was wrinkled. She laid it on the table and ironed it out with delicate fingers. After bending above it for a few moments, she handed it back to me. 'I can't make out the words at all. You had better try to read it, Jimmie,' she said.

Aunt Prue's wool slid from her knees to the floor. I rose to retrieve it, but she checked me. 'No, no,' she said in a dull tone. 'Let it lie. Read the letter—We must hear the letter, Jim.'

The ink was much faded, but I managed to decipher the script slowly. The letter ran substantially as follows :

DEAR DR. MACHENRY,

My uncle has been shot. It was down by the stream in the Guernsey pasture. He did not come home last night and I went out to look for him. I found him there.

You know how devoted I was to him. Would it be asking too much of you to beg you to come to me? You are the one person of all others that I most want to see and to take counsel of.

Yours very respectfully, and may I add,

Affectionately,

RUSH BARTON.

I laid the letter on the table and, picking up my aunt's wool, held it out to her. But she made no sign and I placed it on a chair beside her. Mother was sitting, her eyes on the old letter, but I think not seeing it. At last she spoke.

'You were only a little boy then, Jimmie. I didn't want you to know about Rush.'

'Are you going to tell Jim the story, Sally?' my aunt asked. Her foot tapped the floor and her voice was anxious and I thought defiant.

'Why not?' Mother replied briskly, her reverie broken. 'Prue, do you realize it happened over thirty years ago? . . . Why, it's nearly fifty years,' she exclaimed, as her fingertips told off the time on the surface of the table. 'It was in eighteen-seventy-six the trial was held, and here it is nineteen-twenty-five. Well, well,' she sighed, 'the years do pass.' Suddenly Mother leaned forward and looked searchingly into Aunt Prudence's face. 'Why, Prue,' she said, 'I am not going to tell *your* part in the story, but only Father's. You won't mind that?'

'No, I won't mind that,' my aunt agreed. 'Indeed,' she added, 'I suppose it's foolish for me to object to your telling the whole thing—old woman that I am. But somehow it doesn't seem so long ago. . . . Half a century,' she murmured, straightening in her chair and taking up her knitting again. I saw her lips move, but whether she was counting the years or the stitches, as she sorted the tangled wool, I could not tell.

Mother turned to me. 'Do you remember your grandfather, son?' she asked.

I told her about that one vivid picture of the old gentleman that still remained definitely graven on my mind to the exclusion of all other impressions of him.

'Why, that was the very day after Rush—after—' Mother glanced at Aunt Prudence—'it was the very day,' she ended lamely. 'To think that Jimmie should remember that,' she added.

'Well, don't forget that I don't know yet what all this

is about, Mum,' I protested. 'I suppose this letter we've just read is the beginning of the story.'

'Yes, it is the beginning,' Mother answered. 'Rushford Barton—we always called him Rush—How your grandfather loved that young man! You see he was arrested for the murder. And Father—he looked just like that then, Jimmie'—she pointed to a portrait hanging over the fireplace. 'You see he married late and he was an old man at the time. I think he was grieved over having no son and Rush filled the empty place. He was perfectly sure of the boy's innocence. He had known him ever since Rush was a little fellow. And you couldn't deceive Father about character. Rushford's uncle—what was his name? I should be able to recall it——' Mother ruminated, finger on nose, then removed her spectacles in order to think the better.

'It was Burgess—Philip Burgess,' Aunt Prudence told her.

'Ah yes, of course. And such a nice man, too, he was,' Mother said, adjusting her glasses again. 'And to think he should have been shot down in cold blood!'

'What sort of chap was this Martin or Morton?' I asked.

'Barton,' my aunt corrected me.

'Barton, then,' I responded. 'Why was Grandfather so much attached to him?' I had resigned myself to getting the story piecemeal, but my mother was enjoying herself so thoroughly, even though her pleasure was touched with tragedy, that I could not grudge her the tale's slow unfolding.

'There may be other letters here bearing on the case,' my mother remarked, fingering a pile of papers in her lap. 'You see Rush had charm,' she answered me. 'I remember to this day what a mobile face he had; when he came into the room it seemed as though a lamp had been lighted. I believe there was Italian blood on his mother's side. He

read law in your grandfather's office,' she continued, 'and he used often to come here to the house at night to talk over various legal problems.'

'Father always declared that Rush was the ablest pupil he ever had,' Aunt Prue said. She was intent on turning the heel of a sock which, I was nervously certain, was designed for me. She had knitted me six pairs already and, though they were too thick for wear, they had to be given a place in a bureau drawer. 'There!' she exclaimed when the curve had been safely negotiated, 'Now I can show you, Jimmie, why father cared so much for Rush.' From a small drawer in a corner table she drew out an old daguerreotype and, opening the case, examined it a moment in silence. Then she handed it to me. 'You can understand if you look at this,' she told me. I laid the case on the centre table and mother and I bent over it together.

Faded as the likeness was and blurred by the years, there was still no mistaking the charm of the young man who looked out at us from the oval. The lips were proud and sensuous. The wavy brown hair lifted vigorously from an intellectual forehead. To the eyes the face owed the rare quality of fascination; for, possessing the confidence and expectancy of youth they were yet strangely old. Very large and dark, they looked out under sensitive brows with what seemed rather a subjective than an objective vision.

'Yes, this is Rush,' Mother said. 'I have not seen this picture for years.'

My aunt took the case and closed the cover. 'You understand now why Father loved him,' she said to me quietly as she put the old daguerreotype back into the corner table drawer.

'Yes,' I replied. 'I understand very well.'

'You know, Jimmie, Rushford's case was famous all over

the state and beyond,' Mother said. 'Your grandfather was the lawyer for the defence.'

'I can see Father now,' Aunt Prudence exclaimed, 'standing there before the court and pointing at Rush as he cried out, "Look at that boy, gentlemen of the jury! Look at his face, at his eyes, at his whole bearing! Has he the appearance of a cold-blooded murderer?"'

'You remember that, Aunt Prue? Did you go to the court then?' I asked.

'Well, yes, I did,' my aunt admitted apologetically. 'It doesn't seem a very ladylike thing to have done, but you see we were all so excited and upset.'

'I think now that you did quite right, Prue,' my mother admitted, 'though at the time I felt it was unseemly. I remember that Father and Rush both liked having you there.' Mother rose and, taking a handful of driftwood powder from a Delft jar on the mantel, she scattered it over the glowing logs. I recall the play of her wrist as she made the gesture, the tenuous, almost ethereal lightness of her fingers,

For a while we all watched in silence the colours of breaking waves, as the flames changed from orange to turquoise, gold and blue, and listened to the call of the sea.

'Rush loved the ocean.' It was Aunt Prudence's voice that dreamed in the firelight. 'He knew almost all of Swinburne's sea poems by heart.

"For death is deep as the sea,
And fate as the waves thereof,
Shall the waves take pity on thee
Or the south wind offer thee love?"'

Suddenly, my aunt, who had been leaning toward the fire, straightened, and her voice took on its practical tone. 'Yes, I am glad I went to court,' she said. 'I had never realized before what a man your grandfather was, Jimmie. But when

he stood there before all those people, so tall, so strong, so handsome, then I knew. And I was glad,' she ended simply.

'We must not let Jim suppose that his grandfather was a criminal lawyer,' Mother said.

'What's the matter with a criminal lawyer?' I asked her. I knew well, but I could not resist the temptation to amuse myself now and then with new England inhibitions.

'Well, you see, it may be all right to take criminal cases nowadays,' Mother explained. 'But at that time it was not exactly—well, it did not seem—'

'Quite nice.' Aunt Prudence finished the sentence for her.

'No, not quite nice,' repeated Mother primly. 'But Father took the case for love of Rush and because he never doubted—because he knew—that Rushford was innocent.'

'Of course Rushford got off.' I made a statement rather than put a question.

But I was not even yet to hear the end of the story. For a diversion was created by the timid sounding of the brass knocker on the front door. I opened to admit old Dave Stanley, who came every night to get the day's scraps for his pigs. He, like my mother and my aunt—I had almost said like everybody in Fordham—was very old. He was followed into the house by our Newfoundland, Caesar. Both man and dog shook off some large flakes of snow from their coats and thereafter entered the parlour, each with an air of apology. Caesar was doubtful, wet as he was, of his welcome to the use of the parlour carpet, and David was uncertain whether he should enter, as Mother bade him do, the room devoted to the 'quality.'

While the dog, reassured by being unnoticed, stretched his jet-black length luxuriously before the open fire, the old man compromised by taking a stiff chair near the door and sitting with only the toes of his boots touching the floor. 'I am

here,' he appeared to be saying, 'but for a moment, no more, and on sufferance.'

'I knocked at the kitchen door, ma'am,' he made apology, 'but I couldn't make nobody hear.'

Mother and Aunt Prudence had risen to receive old Dave with as much manner as though he had been president of Fordham College. Now they were seated again, and Mother said pleasantly, 'That is all right, Dave. I have some good scraps for you. But sit a few minutes first. You have had a heavy walk through the snow. We were just telling James about the Burgess murder,' she added.

'But the lad must of be'n here when that happened?' David turned to me with the question.

'Yes'—my mother answered for me—'but he was so very young we kept it all from him. Then we left town soon afterwards, my husband, my boy and I, and I was glad never to speak of it. The experience was exceedingly painful to our family, you know.'

'Yes,' Aunt Prue nodded her head several times as she regarded the old man over the tops of her spectacles. 'And you stood by us all loyally at that time, Dave. We have not forgotten it.'

David paused in wiping the snow from his astrakhan cap. 'Well, ma'am, I knowed that lad didn't shoot nobody. "Hello, Dave," he used to sing out when he met me. "Have a smoke, old man." We was about the same age, you remember, ma'am. He always had a kind word for the likes of me.'

'You made a good witness,' said Aunt Prudence.

'I done my best, ma'am. It was them boot-tracks I was wanted to testify about. You see I made boots for all the town then,' the old man said proudly. 'Ah well,' he sighed, 'them days is over now.'

'It was the impressions of those shoes that convicted him,' said my mother.

'Yes, ma'am, it was.' Dave abandoned the respectfully fugitive attitude of his feet and placed them firmly on the floor. 'And'—he brought each word out as a separate unity—'they wasn't his boot-tracks at all!'

'But, Mother,' I broke in, 'you say he was convicted?'

'He was that, son,' David answered for her. To him who had known me from my cradle I was still a little boy. 'And he was convicted in spite of all your grandfather done to save him. And me that knowed all there was to know about boots too. The jury was all set to let young Rush go, but them tracks did fit his shoes so exact, I couldn't make them see that the print was different.'

'Where were these tracks you speak of?' I asked him.

'They run along the stream by the side of the Burgess house, jumped the yard or two of water in the hollow of the Guernsey pasture and went right on to the place where the body laid.' The old man got rheumatically to his feet and shuffled toward us. He emphasized his words with a trembling forefinger. 'But they wasn't hisn,' he cried. 'They wasn't never hisn!'

I pushed a comfortable chair toward him and the old man sank into it. 'There was a tiny little difference in the centre of the sole,' he said. 'As if I didn't know it who had be'n raised a cobbler.'

'But why could the jurymen not see it? Why did they not believe?' I asked. I am sure my distress was as real as though I had myself been an actor in the drama.

'Well,' the old man replied, 'Rush was the one to profit by his uncle's will and that put the jury in a frame of mind to look at them tracks cross-eyed. Things wasn't so scientific in them days. To-day it would of be'n different.' David

pulled from his pocket a large plaid handkerchief and blew his nose loudly. 'It mos' killed your grandfather, son,' he told me. 'A fine boy, Rush. "Have a smoke, old man," he used to say. He wasn't too good to speak pleasant to nobuddy.'

'It was a sad affair,' Mother said, rising. 'Let us think of happier things. We are keeping you, Dave, and I know you are afraid Delia will be worrying.'

'There's this to remember,' David remarked as he got slowly to his feet. 'If the poor lad had to hang it was better he hung innocent than guilty.'

'Oh, I don't know.' Mother shuddered as she spoke. 'I can't imagine anything more horrible than being executed on a false charge.' She wiped a tear from the corner of her eye. 'Come, Dave. We'll look for your scraps.'

Caesar flapped a lazy tail when the old man bade us good-night. Until Mother rejoined us Aunt Prudence sat silent staring into the fire. I think she could not trust herself to speak. Then suddenly I understood. 'Oh, Prue, I am not going to tell your part of the story,' my mother had assured her. Before my aunt's eyes the curtain of the years had lifted. At the time of the trial she had been a girl, young and lovely, and he an ardent youth for whose life her father was pleading. Ah well; it was half a century ago: but the wound must have been a terrible one while it bled. 'Shall the waves take pity on thee, or the south wind offer thee love?' The words were echoing in my consciousness when Mother re-entered the room.

'Yes,' she remarked, as she took my proffered seat before the fire. 'There is truth in what Dave says, after all. Better that Rush should have been innocent than guilty—of course it is. In that thought at least there is comfort.'

'But what a frightful miscarriage of justice!' I exclaimed.

'No wonder Grandfather was grief-stricken.—So now the mystery of that terribly still figure in the study is explained at last,' I added, more to myself than to Mother or Aunt Prue.

Aunt Prudence leaned over and stroked Caesar's dark head. Then she rose and said good-night to us. At the door she turned. 'Rush's soul was right with God,' she said solemnly.

'Requiescat in pace.' I murmured the beautiful old words reverently, by way of giving a fitting epitaph to a discussion I was sure would never be resumed.

Many years passed before I again opened the secret drawer in the ancient parlour table at Fordham. Mother and Aunt Prudence had long lain with their fathers in the old God's acre. The MacHenry homestead was haunted by lonely ghosts, yet I loved to go there when I could wrench myself free from the claims of business life. It was only last month that I was sitting in the long parlour, my mind empty of everything save an indefinable melancholy, a nostalgia for lost days, when my vacant eye fell upon the secret drawer in the centre table. Idly I drew it out to its full length; it fell and the papers were scattered on the floor. As I stooped to gather them up I saw in the space where the drawer had been, a letter. This I took out and examined, reflecting the while that it had probably escaped my mother's attention, for it was sealed, although addressed to her.

'To my daughter, Mrs. Sarah Ilcombe,' the inscription ran: so much was clear. But of other words written below my mother's name I could decipher only these. 'To be opened—suspicion—Burgess—Rushford.' I know now what the legend must have been: 'To be opened in case suspicion of the Burgess murder falls on someone other than Rushford.' So many had been confident of his innocence

that even his execution could not be expected to allay the public disquietude. Suspicion had, as far as I had heard, not so fallen. Yet, the script being blurred, I read the letter innocently enough, and indeed I might have read it had the address been clear. For half a century had passed—and curiosity is an exigent master.

I read the letter, I say, and then I gave the faded pages to the flames which, as of old, burned in the open fire-place. I watched them curl slowly, turn from yellow to grey, then blacken and float, as lightly as though they had borne no portentous message, up with the drifting smoke.

I can give the exact transcription of my grandfather's letter, for before destroying it, I took a rough copy of it, omitting all names and dates.

It ran as follows :

MY DEAR DAUGHTER SARAH,

You will be reading these pages only if someone other than Rushford Barton comes under suspicion of having shot Mr. Philip Burgess. I am writing this letter after going through an agony of indecision. I cannot see, though I have tried to regard the question from all angles with an open mind, that any good purpose will be served by my speaking out at the present time. If I am acting wrongly, urged by a desire to protect my daughter, Prudence, then I can only hope for divine forgiveness for my fault.

If you have occasion to open this letter you must then take whatever action may seem best to you.

You remember that I went to Rush's cell the night before his execution. He wanted to have me with him. We talked over the trial—threshed out the evidence from beginning to end. I hoped to discover in what way the failure had been mine in the conduct of the case. You see, Sallie, I knew Rush was innocent. What sort of man—and

lawyer—was I, I asked myself, who, possessing such a certainty, could not convince others. I loved the boy like my own son. I was intimate with him not only intellectually but spiritually. I had never doubted him for a moment. I am sure also that Prudence did not—and I trust she never will—but that is another story.

As Rush and I talked he sat on his prison cot in a dark corner of the cell, his head on his hand. I could not see his face. He gave me again the entire account of his movements the day his uncle was killed. We discussed my defence—tried to pick flaws in it and could not. And there the boy sat—and he was to die in the morning—horribly. I was afraid of silence. I talked and talked.

At last I said : ' Rush, it was those foot-prints that convicted you. Without them you would have been set free.'

Then Rushford sprang to his feet and cried out in a voice I shall never forget : ' And those were not my foot-prints, Dr. MacHenry ! They were not mine at all ! You see, I had taken such pains to walk along the river on the stones !'

Virginia, U.S.A.

GOOD-BYE, BODY.

Good-bye, old frump,
 You curious naughty creature
 With half a hump.
 I've known you well,
 Your every rugged feature,
 Your moods, your smell,
 Your doggy loyalties ;
 I grieve to part with these,
 My friend and teacher.

Heaven bless you for your earthy bone and body
 With homely toggery, patched, but never shoddy,
 For eyes, and hands, and nose, and mouth, and ears :
 I thank you for this loan these many years.

In youth I loved, in age I fondly know you,
 Staid vagrant from whose dwindled store I borrow ;
 Our God has made me privileged to owe you
 Big debts of joy and fortunes of wise sorrow.
 Blind honest mole,
 Back to your hole.
 Forgive your Soul.
 Good-bye, my dear,
 I'll grieve to leave you here
 Maybe to-day, or maybe, love, to-morrow.

JAMES A. MACKERETH.

CAPTIVE OF THE CONSULATE.

BY REGINALD HARGREAVES.

THE kindness of a courteous stranger has brought to my desk a relic of peculiar rarity and historic interest. It lies before me as I write: an oblong of tattered wallpaper, firmly pasted on to a stout linen backing, roughly twelve inches in length by eight inches broad. It is elaborately ornamented with a pattern showing the Phrygian red cap mounted on a bundle of fasces, supported on either side by an axe in *dexter* and a blazing torch in *sinister*, above a shield stamped with the words *Republique Française*. Below is enscrolled the Republican motto *Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité*. This group occupies the centre of the strip, while above, in the left hand corner, may be traced the outlines of a Gallic cock, crest aflame and tail feathers erect at their most aggressive.

An elaborate, highly-coloured business altogether, whose rather blatant design is accounted for by the fact that its original resting place was on the walls of the Temple—that grim prison-house of Paris which saw the last days of the mild, invertebrate Louis XVI and his much-tried Consort, and endowed the world with a perennial source of speculation in the mystery which still surrounds the fate of their son, the pathetic little Dauphin.

It was an Englishman—no less a prisoner of the Temple than the Royal captives who, a bare ten years earlier, had left its gloomy halls only to find their end beneath the keen blade of Samson's guillotine—who, at considerable risk to himself, acquired this souvenir of an incarceration which was

destined to prove no more than one of many adventurous incidents in a long and interesting career.

By 1803, the year which saw his detention in the Temple under an Order of the Consulate, James Fellowes¹ had already passed his degrees in medicine and could write himself a fully-fledged M.D. and had been admitted a F.R.C.P. Scion of a family ever generous in its service to the State, his father, Dr. William Fellowes, had served with distinction for many years as an army surgeon. Attached to the Coldstream Guards, in their company he had undergone all the trials and tribulations of the Seven Years' War ; while at Minden—when on temporary duty with the old 37th Foot (the Hampshire Regiment)—the fact that the drums beating to arms found him in the act of washing his one and only shirt was in no way allowed to affect his usual imperturbability, since he promptly donned the garment, wet as it was, and formed up to face the advancing Frenchmen as eagerly as the rest. Subsequently appointed Surgeon-General to the garrison of Minorca, under the command of General James Murray, he suffered capture with the rest of his comrades at the hands of the combined French and Spanish forces, in 1781. Emerging unscathed from this unpleasant experience, the veteran survived to enjoy his appointment as Physician-in-Ordinary to the Prince Regent, living to enter his ninetieth year before passing quietly away in the April of 1827. With such a sire, and with brothers who were destined to achieve more than local fame in the Marines and the Navy, it will readily be appreciated that James Fellowes, the third of the Minden veteran's four sons, was not the victim of a temperament easily intimidated or thrown off its balance. This is clearly witnessed by the fact

¹ He was knighted by George III at the Queen's Palace on March 21, 1809.

that Paris found him in her midst at a period when from the original triumvirate of the Consulate the personality of Napoleon had emerged to exercise a domination whose pretensions, even then, stopped nowhere short of that Imperial throne they were eventually to attain. With such an influence predominating, the capital was a place wherein the name of Englishman came with something of a sour flavour to Gallic lips, despite the Treaty of Amiens which had been concluded in the March of the year. For it was pretty clearly realised on both sides of the Channel that the Convention at best embodied no more than a queasy peace ; and it is certain that neither party to its provisions regarded it as allowing more than a breathing space before the renewal of a conflict it had gone so short a way to compose. Certainly to take up residence in Paris within a month of the signing of so frangible an instrument was to invite the open expression of an ill-will smouldering at no great depth beneath the surface, if not actually to provoke assault or the deprivation of liberty itself.

All of which in no way appeared to affect the equanimity of James Fellowes, true son of a blandly imperturbable stock. His curiosity as to how life was lived under this new-fangled idea of governance known as the Consulate had been aroused ; and quite calmly and amiably he settled down to investigate matters on the spot. In addition, he was particularly addicted to a little gentle equestrian exercise in the Bois.

For some time he established his headquarters at a modest private hotel on the *Quai de Voltaire*, as his *permis de séjour* informs us ; whence he made his excursions abroad amidst the teeming life of native Paris with which he was surrounded. For all his preoccupation with local conditions, however, he in no way neglected to fulfil his obligations

towards the somewhat tentative little British colony which sheltered behind the skirts of milord Whitworth; ably upholding the dignity of the Court of St. James' in the face of every sort and kind of republican upstart, as Ambassador of King George III.¹

Thus passed the fleeting weeks of a sojourn that, happily, was marked by no incident of sufficient seriousness to warrant the visitor placing the details of it upon record. It was only when his brief holiday drew to a close and he sought to leave the city that trouble descended upon him, and then in no uncertain manner.

For Fellowes, with rather reprehensible casualness, had failed to provide himself with a passport; and anything more fussy about the all-important matter of 'papers' than a newly-born government has yet to be devised. Unfortunately, it was a characteristic which the Englishman had overlooked.

It was on April 22 that, in all innocence, the voyageur took horse and set out from the capital, heading for St. Germain, which he had scheduled as the first stopping-place on his homeward route. Here he spent the night, entirely unquestioned and untroubled; continuing his journey the next day as far as Mantes, on the road to Vernon, which had been marked down as the limit of the second day's progress. It was at Mantes, however, that authority, in the shape of an inquisitive lieutenant of police, first began to concern itself with this casual horseman who dared to wander forth across the fair land of France without the authentication provided by that walletful of assorted parchments with which every conscientious traveller was expected to be furnished. It is

¹ It was, it will be recalled, Napoleon's abrupt attack on Whitworth which precipitated the resumption of hostilities between France and England in the May of that same year of 1803.

a matter for profound regret that no record of the interview between Fellowes and the representative of the law survives ; but whatever its tenor, its upshot was the incontinent return to Paris of the indignant Englishman, escorted by two taciturn *gens d'armes*, ominously attached to the sabres they never sheathed throughout the whole length of the journey.

Arrived once more in the capital, the wheels of Consulate justice revolved with exemplary speed. On an order signed by Régnier, the Minister of Justice, Fellowes found himself confined in the *Déport de Grand Juge*. Here he remained from the twenty-third to the twenty-fifth, thereafter being transferred to the Temple, without any waste of time on such pedantic preliminaries as a trial or even a judicial interrogation.

With eleven doors locked upon him—two of which, he informs us, were of iron, heavy with bolts and bars—the prisoner found himself established in a chamber on the *3me étage* which a little investigation served to demonstrate was none other than the *appartement* at one time inhabited by Marie Antoinette. Hard by was another room, to which the newcomer had access, wherein Simon, the cobbler, had lived with the Dauphin ; while a third room, in which Fellowes slept, was that of Tizon, the one-time Custom House waiter, wherefrom he had maintained his vigil over the Queen.¹

Embarking upon a more detailed inspection of his prison-house, Fellowes's first discovery, near the iron grating in Tizon's *appartement*, was the roughly-scratched inscription *Elizabeth of France* ; beneath which were written Corneille's immortal lines :

¹ One of Fellowes's notes informs us, 'Gorlay, the Gaoler-Concierge at the time the King was here, used to wake him in the morning, and say, "Get up, *cochon* !" A year later he died suddenly while grasping the bars of the window in the eating room below,—of convulsions !'

*Quand on a tout perdu,
Que l'on a plus d'espoir,
La vie est un opprobre,
Et la mort un devoir.*

The inscribing of quotations would appear to have become rather a general habit during the time of the Royal captives' incarceration ; for Fellowes—who seems to have been given liberty to wander fairly freely through the nest of apartments which the eleven locked and bolted doors so securely isolated from the rest of the world—records that the erstwhile ante-room of the King was also adorned with the equally famous lines of Pope, written in the poet's own tongue :

*Hope springs eternal in the human breast,
Man never is but always to be blest ;
The Soul uneasy and confined at home—
Rests and expatiates on a life to come.*

Beneath which was added :

Anser apes vitulus et regina guberisant.

The *premier étage*, wherein Louis had at one time been sequestered, was even richer in literary quiddities ; pride of place being usurped by Fastain's lines :

*Sur mes malheureux jours l'affreuse Calomnie
Goutte à goutte a versé la coupe de douleur :
Vingt fois j'eus terminé ma déplorable vie,
Mon âme est volée pure au sein du créateur ;
Mais l'espérance est là qui constamment me crie,
Demain, demain pour toi, renaîtra le bonheur.*

Beneath this outburst was scrawled in another, and probably sturdy Jacobin, hand, the ironic couplet :

*Il est douloureux de recevoir
Lorsqu'on est né pour donner.*

To this had been added, by way of postscript—obviously by a scribe of Royalist sympathies—the dry comment :

*Une âme insensible est comme un clavier
Sans touche dont on chercherait en vain à tirer des sons.*

Lastly, in the room separating the erstwhile Queen's appartement and the chamber in which Fellowes took his sleep, the investigator came upon the minatory quotation from the *Æneid* :

Infandum Regina jubes renovare dolorem.

Not only was Fellowes accorded free permission to roam where he liked within the confines of those apartments of the Temple set aside for him during the period of his detention, but, in addition, he was permitted the privilege of receiving visitors. It was to one of these, a Mr. Bertie Greathead, that he entrusted the piece of wallpaper of which a description has already been given. It was on the back of this queer souvenir—which Fellowes had early stripped from the wall of the erstwhile King's ground-floor bedroom and carefully concealed in the crown of his hat—that the notes were jotted down from which it has been possible to give the foregoing particulars.

It was also through the medium of this same useful Bertie Greathead that the captive of the Temple was enabled to get in touch with his country's diplomatic representatives. Presumably, with the ink hardly dry on the recent treaty of peace between the two countries, Napoleon was unprepared to magnify a technical oversight into a major crime. So, yielding to Lord Whitworth's representations, the First Consul, through the instrumentality of the *Grand Juge*, gave prompt directions for the release of 'le charge James

Fellowes, Détenu ' forthwith. The official order of release, a scrawl on stiff blue-grey paper, stamped with the arms of the Consulate—a rather limp-looking female in a Greek helmet, bearing a torch in one hand and in the other something suspiciously resembling a double-sided Jew's harp—lies before me as I write.

Once more a free man, and having painstakingly collected his precious souvenir from the obliging Mr. Greathead, James Fellowes lost no time in shaking the dust of Paris finally from his feet, taking swift horse to Boulogne and thence crossing at once to England. But, all things considered, on balance there was undoubtedly more reason for congratulation than for regret in the matter of his involuntary enjoyment of the Consulate's spartan hospitality. If he had not exactly 'walked with kings,' at least he had sat in the long-cast penumbra of their former greatness; and since, at the Restoration, the Temple was pulled down to make way for the erection of a Convent, it is probable that he was amongst the few men of his race to make intimate acquaintance with the surroundings in which Louis and his unhappy family had worn out their last sad years on earth.

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Of the subsequent career of the Consulate's temporary victim, it may be added that, having been gazetted to the Army as a Surgeon in 1793, he first experienced active service in that capacity, and as an Inspector of Hospitals, under the Duke of York during the disastrous expedition to the Walcheren. Later, in the Peninsula, he was present at the operations at Barossa and Cadiz (under Lord Lynedoch), before going on to render conspicuously useful service at Gibraltar during the fever epidemic that so severely scourged the Rock. With the military detachment detailed for the

expedition, he subsequently accompanied Admiral Christian's fleet to St. Domingo ; where the skill and devotion with which he discharged his professional duties earned his superiors' warmest recommendations. His war service over, he retired into private practice ; and in addition to receiving the accolade, he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh.

As a fashionable medico, the interests he developed were as many and various as was the range of his personal friendships,—which last included a charming intimacy with Mrs. Hester Piozzi (' Dr. Johnson's Mrs. Thrale '), which only terminated with that intriguing *salonnière's* death. A full and active life was brought to a close on December 21, 1857, when James Fellowes passed away, in his son's house at Havant, at the ripe age of eighty-four. A Memorial Tablet in the church of All Saints, Burghclere, Hampshire, and a brief reference in the Dictionary of National Biography, commemorate his many activities. But to one mind at least, the most interesting link with him still remaining consists of the ' souvenir ' of his brief captivity in the Temple he was at such pains to preserve for posterity's instruction and delight.

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‘HOUNDS FOUND AT LEPPINGFORD.’

A TRUE STORY.

BY H. LETHBRIDGE ALEXANDER.

—*The bitches are racing before us.
Not a nose to the earth—not a stern in the air ;
And we know from the notes of that modified chorus
How straight we must ride if we wish to be there.*

BROMLEY-DAVENPORT.

I do not know whether this is a ghost story or not. If it is, I am not sure whether I am to be regarded as the ghost. All I know is that my life now is supremely happy and the manner in which I, Patrick Angus O'Neill, late Commanding Officer of a Battalion of the Royal Galway Fusiliers, found happiness, was as follows.

It was a bleak morning in January and I, Patrick O'Neill, was feeling decidedly disgruntled. There were several reasons for this, the first and most important being that a few months earlier the Southern Irish Regiment, of which I had been Commanding Officer, had been disbanded ; our Colours emblazoned with Battle Honours commencing with the Battles of Seringapatam and Talavera and comprising those of every important campaign in which the British Army had fought since then, to the present day, had been deposited in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, and we, Officers, N.C.O.s and men who loved our Regiment, dispersed to the four corners of the earth. Some who were still young and resilient, doubtless to start life afresh and make a success of it ; but others, including myself, too old and strained by the recent War, to be anything but broken-hearted.

'The Regiment' had been our home and our life and now there was no Regiment ! Soldiers will know what this can mean.

No, the Army held little further prospect for me. I had a D.S.O. and the M.C., a limp as the result of a bullet-wound at Loos and a scar running from my right temple to the corner of my mouth, which scar had been caused by a dagger in the hand of a brawny Bavarian during a trench-raid on the Somme in 1916. Honourable mementoes of service these were no doubt, but scarcely sufficient recompense for the loss of another two years in command of the old Regiment. I was no brainy Staff College Officer, and with the shrinking of the Army to under its pre-War strength, I knew there was little prospect of further employment of a kind I would care for. The Military Secretary at the War Office had been very nice about the situation, but under his condoling and complimentary words I could sense that the poor man, having many to provide for, had hoped I would announce my intention of retiring for good. Meanwhile, he gave me hope of, but no definite promise of, further employment.

At the age of forty-three it was not good to feel that the profession, in which I had spent the best days of manhood, had no further use for my services.

Another cause for my feeling hipped was that I had been warned it was undesirable that I should return to Ireland for a time ; the newly constituted Irish Free State was not prepared to assure the safety of officers of H.M. Army as yet. I, being a poor man, wanted to get back to my own country where I could hunt cheaply. I wanted to wander over the bogs of Galway after snipe and wild-fowl. It was my country, I loved it, yet I was an exile because, forsooth, I had served the King and British Empire, as had my father,

grandfather, and other forebears before me. Soldiering was in our blood, one or another of us had always been in the old Regiment since the days of Seringapatam.

Hunting in Ireland being impracticable, a month earlier I had taken up my quarters in the Cotford country; Sam Peaker, the master of the Cotford Hounds, being an old friend of mine. I had dug myself into a comfortable, small hunting hotel and all seemed fixed for a good season. Then came that curse of farmers and hunting-men—foot-and-mouth disease. Case after case broke out and not only was the Cotford country involved but the neighbouring hunting countries as well. At last in despair I had moved to a small inn in a village in the Holford country. I knew no one in this country, though Sam Peaker had furnished me with an introduction to the master of the Holford Hounds.

I had arrived the day before, settled my three horses into the rather dilapidated stables of the inn and been looking forward to a good day after so many days of idleness. The hunt was some six miles away. I had started soon after half-past nine; but, after jogging a mile or two, Messines, the big bay I was riding, went lame. He had probably injured himself in the horse-box when travelling by rail the day before. There was nothing for it but to return and order out Fleurbaix, a big raking grey, stout-hearted but iron-mouthed. This I had done, but I was going to be late for the meet, and it is not pleasant to arrive late in a country where you are unknown. Besides which there was every prospect that the hounds would have found and gone away before I arrived. There was a touch of frost in the air, and hounds were sure to run hard on a day like this. I should miss the hunt, everything had gone wrong with me since the old Regiment was disbanded. The world had no use for a limping, sour-faced Colonel whose private

means were scarcely a beggarly two hundred a year. Hunting was a rich man's game in England, and Ireland was closed to me. I would soon have to sell my horses and settle down in some shabby boarding-house at Southsea or Torquay where old colonels never die !

Even if I did eventually return to Ireland, of what good would that be to me ? My home had been burnt to the ground by the Sinn Feiners, my near relatives had departed from this life and its cares, and former friends had left the country in despair ; such farmers and peasantry as had been my friends in the good old days, would now in all probability be afraid or disinclined to speak to me. A curse be on politics and religious prejudice ; they had spoilt a good sporting country and set every man's hand against his neighbour.

Such were my thoughts as I checked Fleurbaix from breaking into a gallop on our way to the meet. The old boy was as full of keenness as he ever was, and seemed to sense that we were late. He was just as impatient as was I.

At last we arrived at a small hamlet where the meet had been held. There were still two or three cars in the village street, and a groom or two hanging about. In response to my enquiries as to which way the hounds had gone, an old groom indicated a muddy lane on the left—'To Leppingford Copse a mile down there, sir, and you need to hurry, as there was a fox there last night and they are bound to find.'

I turned Fleurbaix down the lane and cantered along ; boots, coat and breeches being soon mud-bespattered. Shortly, I saw a small covert of about six acres or so on my left and from it came the crash of music of hounds who have just found. I cleared the hedge into the neighbouring field and from there looked down on the covert

some two hundred yards away. One one side of it sat a motionless whip, on the other a woman on a chestnut. Save these two, none of the rest of the field were to be seen and I assumed they were held in check by the Field-master on the far side of the covert.

I had scarcely had time to observe these points when a fox broke covert between the woman and the whip and took a line across my front.

There was a cry from the whip followed by 'Garn—Garn—away,' and hounds burst out of the covert, spread out across the grass for a moment then settled on the line and streamed towards the next fence like a flock of pigeons. It was a grand sight, and forgotten in a second were all my troubles and pessimistic cares. Meanwhile, the woman on the chestnut was cantering slowly diagonally across the line the hounds had taken, she looked towards me and with her whip beckoned to me to follow her. As a rule I take my own line when riding to hounds, but on this occasion something impelled me to obey and, hounds being now clear, I let Fleurbaix have his head and soon we were galloping, not directly after hounds, but right-handed and at an angle to the line they had taken. If I thought at all of the matter, it was merely to think that it was kind of the woman to recognise that I was a stranger and give me some hint as to which was the best line to take. But the pace was too hot for much thought, the first fence was a stiff bank with a ditch on the near side and a rough straggling hedge atop, Fleurbaix was beside himself with excitement and nearly over-jumped. I steadied him on the light plough which followed, and saw the woman sailing easily along some fifty yards on my right and slightly ahead. She put the chestnut at the next fence while I held Fleurbaix on to a gate in the corner of the field. He cleared this easily; he

was good at timber, though he always preferred jumping the gatepost to the gate itself. Why, I know not, but it did not matter, as he never touched timber.

Once over the gate we were in a big fifteen-acre grass meadow, and then I realised why my companion was riding right-handed. On the far side of the meadow was a bank covered with straggling bushes, and beyond that a river quite unjumpable as far as I could see. Hounds had crossed the river and were streaming along on the far side heading right-handed towards some hills which appeared about five or six miles distant.

'So that is the fox's line,' I thought, 'and the woman on the chestnut has known it all along; we have got a good start but are now bunkered by this blasted river. I wonder what the solution is?'

I looked back, not a soul was following us—we were done, pounded in fact, and would never see hounds again with a scent such as there so evidently was that day.

But the chestnut did not hesitate; its rider held on to the river bank and disappeared into the bushes, turning in the saddle as she did so to beckon me again to follow. I did so and coming to the spot where she had disappeared, found there was a narrow pathway down to the river's edge. At this spot, owing to the banks on both sides having broken down, the river narrowed though it was very deep and swift. It was just, and only just, a possible leap for a real good horse. That the chestnut was a good one was evident, for he was already on the far side and struggling to gain a footing on the top of the steep bank. A heave of his quarters and he was up, and had disappeared while Fleurbaix commenced to slither down towards the water. I left all to him and, at the correct moment, he gathered his hocks under him, a powerful heave and we were over, though for

a moment or two I thought he must fall back on me into the water, so steep was the bank we had landed on. It was a place such as I have never put a horse at before or since. To this day, I cannot understand how the two horses got over, but there was something unusual about the whole day. Here was I following a woman whose face I had never seen, riding at the top of the hunt behind hounds I had never seen before, in a country I knew not, and yet I felt I had done it at some time or other before, that I had ridden before in the company of the woman on the chestnut. I knew now, how or why I know not, that the fox was heading for an earth in an old chalk-pit near the top of the misty wolds in the far distance. Without more guidance from my companion, I knew the exact line to take, the weak points in each fence, and when it was more desirable to jump the gates in preference to sticky rabbit-holed banks. I knew where I was : but I had never been there before !

Was it that knowledge the brain of the unknown woman contained, was being communicated to me ? I did not think of that at the time : but you, if you read on, can judge.

We were now three fields behind the hounds who were running hard and almost mute, an occasional ploughed field slackened the pace at times, but it was always fast. A slight check at a withy-bed enabled us to shorten the distance between us and the hounds ; and, on leaving this, we were on better terms with them. Fence followed fence until we were breasting the slope of the wolds, our horses labouring now and our pace scarcely more than a slow canter with occasional intervals when we could only muster a trot. Hounds were again drawing away from us, and some hundred yards or so ahead of them I could distinguish a small dark spot moving steadily upwards towards the chalk-pit

fringed with bushes—the chalk-pit I had known for some time the fox was making for. The hounds were gaining on him, but not rapidly enough, and a gallant fox crept over the edge of the pit a mere ten yards ahead of the leading hounds.

Then for the first time I heard my companion's voice : 'That is the end, the earth is not stopped !' she called and then added : 'A seven-mile point, Ian, is that good enough for you ?'

Now, my name is not Ian ; it is Patrick, and so it appeared evident she had been taking me all along for someone else. I dismounted, loosened Fleurbaix's girths, and led him across to where the rider of the chestnut horse was standing. She had also dismounted and was loosening her horse's girths. As I approached she turned round and for the first time I saw her close.

I am not and never have been a ladies' man—sport, soldiering and poverty had all combined to keep me from the company of women, good, bad or indifferent. I had always deemed it a weakness to either marry or be entangled with a woman. Regimental dances and such-like shows bored me, though of course I had to attend them. So how can I hope to describe as I should, the woman who now stood before me ? She was tall, clear complexioned, lissom yet rounded, and there was breeding in her every line. But it was her eyes which drew my attention most, they were strained and questioning like those of a child who is trying to puzzle out some problem almost beyond its comprehension.

As I came near, I took off my hat and stood bareheaded before her, silent, unable to speak. She stretched out her hand, now bare of its glove, and touched mine, then felt the cuff of my sleeve. At the contact a smile came to her

lips and colour flooded her cheeks. The strained look faded from her eyes, and at once she was a happy, wholly delectable woman.

'Fog is coming,' she said, 'and the sooner we get home the better, I told the car and George to be at Blecksford; we had better start at once.'

She was right. Banks of mist, I had not noticed before, were rolling over the wolds towards us, hounds were marking their fox to ground, and the hunt servants with one or two of the field were now in sight and struggling upwards towards the chalk-pit. The hounds would be all right, our horses were in no condition for a further run, we were evidently miles from the remaining coverts to be drawn that day, so it was as well to make for home.

I gave my companion a leg up, and we rode slowly down the hill, dropped into a deep lane which was really merely a cart-track between high banks. Side by side we rode, and I, whether as the result of the good run or for other reasons, felt a great content. I felt as though I was where I should be, and riding with one I had known all my life. Yet strangely enough, we spoke scarcely a word to one another. Occasionally I held back a bough of the thick bushes which grew on the banks and stretched in places across our path, so that my companion could pass more easily. I was thanked in a low voice. Occasionally she turned in her saddle towards me, stretched out her hand and touched my sleeve.

I did not know her name, yet felt in no mood to ask it. The mist thickened, we rode on, and then out on to a country road which was grass-bordered. On we rode, and I felt content to go a-riding thus for ever, silent and unquestioning.

At the end of an hour's ride we arrived at a small hamlet

where were waiting a large limousine, chauffeur and an old groom.

'That was a good hunt, my lady,' said the groom.

'Yes, George, Leppingford to Orford Pit, and only one check,' was the reply.

'That will be seven miles if it's an inch ; he carried you well, my lady ?'

'Never better,' was the reply, 'take him and the master's horse home now, they have done enough.'

The old man appeared then to notice me for the first time, and looked at me from under his bushy eyebrows. He gave a slight start and appeared about to say something, checked himself, touched his hat, and took the reins of my horse.

The chauffeur opened the door of the car and we got in. Wreathes of mist had now descended upon us and we had perforce to drive slowly. My companion nestled back in the fur coat she had put on, and after a moment or two I felt a small hand, so soft it was to the touch, reach for mine and bury itself in my hard, over-large paw. Even now I did not ask her name, or where we were going, or why George had taken my horse. Why I did not ask these things I do not know : but all seemed at the time so natural, so pre-ordained. We exchanged one or two remarks about the details of the run. Then I, impelled by the softness of that small hand in mine, raised it to my lips and kissed the fingers one by one. With a little sigh of content the owner of the chestnut horse moved closer to my shoulder, closed her eyes and appeared to fall asleep.

The car rolled on through the fog until, an hour or so later, we arrived at a gate with a small lodge beside it. Passing through this gate, we drove up a short avenue, and stopped in front of a red-brick house.

The chauffeur opened the door, the lady roused herself

and entered the house, I following. The hall was bright, warm and comfortable : very different from the entrance to the shabby inn where I had taken up my quarters the previous day.

The lady led the way into a small morning-room lit by shaded lights as the fog outside made these necessary, a bright log fire added to the comfort of the room.

Turning again to me, and looking at me half-shyly and again with some of that anxious look in her eyes I had noticed when we first met, the woman held out both hands towards me and asked : ' Do you like it, do you like our home ? ' I took her hands and replied : ' It is all perfect, as perfect as you are. ' The anxious look faded and she said : ' Oh ! I am so glad, I hoped you would like it. Now I must go and tell Margaret you are here. Simpson will bring your tea. ' Turning, she left the room.

Who is Margaret, I wondered, and of what importance to her is it that I am here, having motored back with the evident owner of the house !

Then I recalled with a start that I did not know whether the motor journey had brought me nearer to the small village where my quarters were, that the afternoon was wearing on and unless I had been coming in the right direction, I would not get back to my inn until after dark.

I raised a window curtain ; outside the fog was more dense, so that was that !

A manservant came in with tea and arranged it on a low table beside the fire. ' How far is it to Bitterly ? ' I asked. ' Bitterly, sir—a long way ; it must be a matter of twenty miles, it is twelve miles or so the other side of Blecksford. '

So in foolishly getting into the car with the rider of the chestnut, I had placed Fleurbaix and myself twenty miles from our quarters and was in a locality of which I knew

nothing. I wondered what on earth had made me do it, and then recalled that I had allowed myself to be guided from the wolds to the car without question.

There was nothing for it but to consume the excellent tea on the table, and as I was evidently for once in my life without a will of my own, to leave the rest on the knees of the gods.

The lady did not return. I ate my tea and, lighting a cigarette, half dosed in front of the fire.

The manservant returned to remove the tea-things. 'George and the horses are back, sir,' he reported, 'and I was to tell you that the horses are all right.' Then he added: 'Do you wish to go to your room now, sir?'

So I was expected to stay the night. I had not been asked to do so, but it appeared to be taken as a matter of course that I would. 'Well,' I reflected, 'I might do worse, a comfortable house, a charming though somewhat shy and strange hostess, a good man' (as I realised George was) 'to look after Fleurbaix's comfort—I have decidedly fallen on my feet in a strange country, and after one of the best hunts I have ever experienced.'

So I assented to be shown my room.

Up a broad staircase we went, and I was ushered into a cheerful bedroom. On a narrow bed were laid out a smoking-suit and change of underclothes, a bright fire blazed, to the right a half-open door revealed a bathroom, to the left was another door, but that was closed.

The manservant produced a boot-jack, helped me out of my muddy boots, coat and leathers and then removed them and himself from the room. He was quiet and well-trained, but once or twice I fancied he regarded me with unusual interest, particularly when he thought I was not looking at him.

What a peculiar household, I thought ; my presence here seems to be taken as a matter of course, clothes, bath and all ready for a tired hunting man, and yet no one could have known of my existence this morning. Then I remembered my soldier-groom awaiting my arrival at the Bitterly Inn. I rang the bell, the man returned and I asked him to telephone to 'The Coach and Horses,' Bitterly, to say that Colonel O'Neill and his horse were staying here for the night and would return in the morning. Again I fancied I detected a look of surprise on his face, but he replied : 'Very good, sir,' and shortly after returned to say he had given the message.

I had a bath and, like Kipling's re-enlisted reservist, I wallowed in the comfort of it ; and then, donning a dressing-gown, lay back in an armchair in front of the fire to wait until it was time to finish dressing for dinner.

Drowsily I wondered where I was, who my hostess was ? Whoever she was, I had never seen a woman ride like her, show such certainty and judgment during a hard run : and yet she was not one of those hard hunting women I had met so often in pre-War years, there was a femininity and shyness about her I found infinitely appealing. But, I wondered, my thoughts running on, how the deuce had I let her take such entire charge of my movements from the moment the fox went to ground on the wolds ? What on earth could I have been thinking about ; why had I been such a tongue-tied fool as not to introduce myself, ask her name and where the motor was taking us ? I had always been rather an ass in women's company, but my actions, now I thought of them, had been the limit. And yet, and yet—somehow or other none of the various events seemed so strange, she had appeared so certain she knew me, so certain I was only too desirous of doing exactly as she wished,

and I had fallen into the part of an intimate friend, lover or relative of hers as if that part had been my rôle for years. My actions, silences and neglect to question were strange and yet, at the time, had seemed so natural.

Thinking these thoughts I began to grow sleepy, but was aroused by a slight knock on the door which had hitherto not been opened.

'Come in !' I said, but the door did not open. I repeated the summons only to be answered by another faint knock.

I rose, crossed the room and opened the door. There stood the owner of the chestnut horse. She was wearing a brocaded dressing-gown, or *négligée* I believe such are called. Her feet were in little, heelless slippers. For the first time I saw her with her hat off ; her fair hair was like spun gold coiled round her head ; but from the right temple one lock was snow white and was so wound it formed almost a coronet to her head. She was not a girl ; indeed, she looked somewhat older than she had done when I had first seen her in hunting clothes on the misty hill-side—she was a mature woman of some thirty years of age. In her eyes was again that questioning, appealing look I had noticed before. It was as if she wanted to draw some secret from me. Whatever she thought that secret was, in a flash my secret was revealed to me, for I then knew I loved her. I knew why it had been ordained we should meet that morning by the covert side, and holding out my hands I called her by a name I had used previously to no woman. 'Sweetheart,' was all I said. She put out her hand and touched mine a little timidly and then happiness came to her eyes and she was in my arms.

We said little, just held one another for a space ; until she asked : 'Have they made you comfortable ? Have you found all as you wish ?'

'Nothing could be better, sweetheart,' I replied, 'but the best thing of all here is yourself.'

'It is good to hear you say that, I wondered whether you would still think that : thank you, darling, for saying that.' Again she pressed close to me and then escaping said, 'Now I must hurry to dress, we have only half an hour before dinner.' She passed through the door and closed it, but not before I had seen that it opened into her room, a room lit by shaded lights and a log fire which made the silver and glass on the dressing-table gleam ; a room as dainty and desirable as was she herself.

As I completed dressing, my thoughts went back to a time many years before when, as a small boy, I had said to my old Irish nurse : 'Bridget, I will be a soldier and I will never marry.' Bridget replied : 'Master Patrick, it is marrying you will be, and with a lady with a grey lock. It is ruling you she will be for all you're so head-strong.'

Well, that prophecy seemed about to come true, though I had merely laughed at it at the time as boys do, and told the old nurse not to talk nonsense. Then it struck me that I did not really know whether the lady was not already married. In five minutes my dressing was completed, and I hurried down to the little morning-room in the hope that there I might find some clue to this problem, or by means of a discreet enquiry gain information from Simpson, the manservant.

I had scarcely entered the room when there was a knock on the door and an elderly, grey-haired woman clad in cap, small apron and dark silk dress entered. She looked like a housekeeper or long-established maidservant. There was anxiety, almost fear in her eyes as she stood by the door regarding me ; her manner was agitated.

'Sir! sir!' she said, 'pardon me, but may I ask your name?'

'You may that,' I replied, 'it is Colonel Patrick O'Neill of Galway.'

'Then you're no' an Angus,' she exclaimed, speaking with a Scotch accent. 'You're no kinsman of the Master's; God help us all! Who are you?'

'I have told you, I am Patrick O'Neill of Ireland, but I am an Angus in part. My mother was an Angus from Ulster, her grandfather was from the Highlands, but what has that to do with your master, and who is he?' I said.

Instead of replying at once she crossed the room and picking up a photograph which had been half-hidden by a bowl of flowers, brought it to me and held it in front of my eyes.

'See there, sir, that is why I ask: if you're no' the Master, can you blame anyone for thinking you might be, and after all these years, too?'

The photograph was that of a young man in hunting kit mounted on a grey horse. The horse might have been Fleurbaix, he had the same eager look, his markings were almost the same, and the rider? Well, the rider was a good-looking edition of myself as I had been some three or four years before the war. In a corner of the photograph were written the words: 'Ian—1913'; so I judged him to have been a few years younger than I then was.

'Is that your master?' I asked.

'That was the Master,' she replied, 'but he's been dead these seven years. Seven years ago it is to this very week that we were told he was missing—believed killed: but her ladyship, she would never believe that last part: always, always she says he will come back. Till the seven years is gone she has said she would wait and he would come. It

was this very week seven years ago that he came back with leave from Ypres. Six days it was he was to be with us : but on the third day when they came in from hunting, there was a telegram saying he must be back at the War at once, they needed him. They had come in so happy from their hunting and there it was, the envelope with the message waiting them in the hall. He had only an hour to catch the train for London, we were in the Pytchley country then, and her ladyship and I helped him pack his things. He was careless in his ways was Sir Ian ; but he saw she was grieving and he tried to cheer her up. He told her he would be back again soon for another such hunt with her as they had had that day. She asked what he called soon, and he laughed and said : " Who knows ! But I will come and whatever you hear of the fighting and of what happens out there, remember no man is presumed dead till seven years are past and gone." Some officer friend of his, I had heard him say, had been reported killed when they fell back from Mons : but that officer was alive and well and had made his way to the coast. His words heartened her and she was brave and let him go without fretting overmuch. When, within the week, news came he was believed killed, she would not believe it, she has never believed it, every day of this month in each year when she has gone out hunting, she has thought he would come to her. Every day all must be ready for him, his clothes and all. She is not fey, it is sweet and good she is to us all : but this one thing she would never believe, this one thing that he would never come back. God save us all now, for she thinks you are Sir Ian. Your face has changed, she says, because of a wound ; she came to me when you came in crying with joy. " He has come at last," she says, " but, Margaret, seven years is a long time, I feel almost shy of him like a

young girl, yet I am happy." God help her now, sir, what will we do ?'

Then suddenly she added, 'Forgive me, sir, for the liberty, but are you married ?'

'No,' I replied, 'but I hope to be soon.'

Her face fell and she said, 'Oh then, sir, you have a young lady ?'

'No, I have not as yet, but it's your mistress I hope will be my young lady.'

The old dear beamed at this and said, 'Then don't leave her, sir, don't leave her now ; her reason will not stand it ; it is seven years she has been waiting for you, you must not leave her now night or day. God knows it's a hard fight I have had to keep her right, and there's some as said her mind had gone : but she was only waiting for you.'

'But she was not waiting for me,' I insisted, 'she was waiting for Sir Ian, and what will she say when she knows who I am ?'

'God will look to that, sir ; if you really love her all will be well. I am from the Highlands and we from there know these things. Why, in a week from now the seven years would be over. You must stay, sir !'

'I will stay,' I said. 'I will not leave her, you need think no more of that.'

'God's blessing on you for that : but she will be needing me now, I must go to her.' She left me.

My mind was in a turmoil as I paced the small room, but the chief anxiety I had was would she, whom I now loved, care for me when she knew who I really was ? I could not let her go now, I must do all I could to gain and keep her.

Margaret had left the door ajar, and through it, a little later, I heard someone coming down the stairs, whistling 'Bring back my bonnie to me.'

Then still whistling, the woman of my desire came into the room. Very lovely she looked and all aglow with happiness.

'He's here !' I said as she finished the bar, 'but I fear he is anything but bonny.'

'It is dinner you are wanting, sir, and after that you will feel and look bonnier, though you will always be bonny to me,' was her laughing reply.

Just then Simpson announced that dinner was ready, and arm-in-arm we went into an oak-panelled dining-room.

My hostess was a changed woman, no longer shy, but full of fun and talk ; while I—well, of what does a man talk to a woman with whom he is in love, when servants are present ?

I do not know ; but I know that for once I found myself at ease with a lovely woman, that the Irish high spirits I had inherited but lost during the disasters of the past few years, returned. I paid compliments, tried wickedly to make her blush, and talked much nonsense as a man will when the world goes well with him.

As I looked at her sitting there opposite me, her white arms and shoulders softly lit by the shaded lights, her fair hair crowned by the white lock, long ear-rings pendent from her small ears, laughter in her eyes and at the corners of her mouth, I thought that Margaret, between the time she left me and her lady came down to dinner, must have told her mistress something that had caused the transformation.

Mischievously I said, when Simpson was for a moment out of the room, 'Darling, you are more lovely to-night than ever, what has that old witch Margaret been doing or saying to you that you can so drive me crazy with love of you ?'

She looked down for a moment and then at me. 'She

only said that you were my man ; but of course I know that, I have always known that, yet it was good to hear her say it, it pleased me to be told—to know she knew also.'

This was the only reference of any kind we made to the past, either during our meal or later when in her sitting-room she played Scotch airs to me, half-humming, half-singing the words as she played.

As I watched her, I wondered at the strangeness of the events of the day. Twelve hours earlier I was a half-pay Colonel with not a prospect in the world, my profession taken from me, my home in ruins, exiled from my country, and without wife, kith or kin to care for, or to care for me. Now, without any action on my part, I found myself in a well-appointed home, with—I scarcely dared think it true—a wife exquisitely lovely in my eyes, whose tastes and love of sport, horses and dogs, corresponded with my own. I found myself at ease, in perfect correspondence with this woman. Love ! It was more than love I, the hard-bitten, limping soldier felt : it was adoration.

Rising from my chair I crossed the room, stood for a moment behind her and then, taking her face between my hands, told her again and yet again I loved her.

Tenderly her slender fingers touched the ugly scar which ran from my temple to mouth. 'Where did that happen ?' she asked.

'A stout Bavarian did that on the Somme during a trench-raid in nineteen-sixteen.'

'And you are lame, too, though you ride as well as ever ; where did that happen ?'

'Oh, a machine-gun bullet smashed my ankle-bone at Loos,' I replied.

She kissed the scar on my face, my ugly disfigured face,

and then asked : ' At Ypres ; what happened to you at Ypres ? '

' Nothing much happened to me at Ypres,' I said. ' I was blown up by a shell and laid out for about twenty-four hours ; but I never got further back than the dressing-station, and was as right as a trivet once I had had a good sleep. I went back to the trenches then : we had only three officers left fit for duty, times were strenuous, so I was wanted badly.'

' I knew it was something like that, I have always known that, and that one day you would come to me, come to me so that I could look after and care for you ; but the waiting has been long, man of my life ! '

I knew then that not only was my need of her great, but that she also needed comfort and the assurance she was loved, that some power or fate outside ourselves had brought us together, that ours would be a companionship lasting while we both drew breath, and perhaps even beyond that, who can tell of these things ?

The next morning I awoke in my new home and as the faint daylight struggled through the close-drawn curtains, I, careless in many ways as I had been in the past, prayed that I might be worthy of the love and happiness that had come to me.

Broad daylight revealed that the fog of the previous evening had been succeeded by snow, hunting was impossible.

During another talk with Margaret I ascertained that my predecessor's title had passed to a distant cousin, and that my lady had, like myself, no near relatives who took any deep interest in her. Such as she had, regarded her as a little queer because she always talked of Sir Ian as if he were alive and would return. Her affairs, I was told, were in the hands of old Mr. MacGregor of the London firm of

solicitors—MacGregor, Reay and Forbes. This was good news to me, as I had been at Sandhurst with old MacGregor's son, and we still kept the friendship going. I told my sweetheart-wife I would seize the opportunity afforded by the snow to run up to Town for a few days to do some business, and she and Margaret must come with me—in the evenings we would go to a theatre and have some fun.

Happily she packed and on arrival in London we established ourselves in a quiet hotel.

The next day I saw old Mr. MacGregor who, I found, knew me well by repute. His own son was in Town on leave which made things even easier. I told Mr. MacGregor I wished to marry his client at once by special licence, and that she wanted me to be her husband for all time.

The old man asked me whether I knew of her strange obsession that Sir Ian was still alive. I hedged a bit at this, replying that I knew that had been the case, but that she was now happy and content to be my wife. He talked a little worldly wisdom as lawyers will; but paid tribute to his client's business sense and ability to manage her own affairs; she had been very ill for some weeks, he told me, when the news that Sir Ian was missing had first come.

Then I had to tell the love of my heart I thought it well that we should go through a marriage ceremony. I told her that as I had not seen or been with her for years until we met by the covert-side a few days ago, it would please me if we asked a blessing on our union. To my surprise she consented readily. I think she was already beginning to realise I was not the Ian Angus she had married nearly nine years earlier.

We were married three days later in a little chapel in the City, old Mr. MacGregor, his son, and Margaret being the only people present.

Is this wife of mine fey? I do not think so, but if it is so, then I am also fey. We who come from the West of Ireland, or from the Highlands, are we not all fey in some part? We know of things others know not.

She and I never talk of the past, never of days before we met and rode home together through the gathering mist. She has taken the change of name without question; she has never called me by the name of Ian.

She knows, I am sure of it, that our need for one another was so great, our lives so broken, that a Higher Power knowing we had both in life, no matter the line or the distance, tried to ride as straight as on that day we two rode from Leppingford Copse, had compassion and brought us together to live in a faith and fidelity almost unknown in this modern world.

BY THE WAY.

'THE world is hurrying toward political unity. Despite much superficial evidence to the contrary, this is the outstanding political fact of our time.'

These are the two opening sentences of a recent pamphlet : how agreeable it is to be thus assured of the continued existence of determined optimists !

★ ★ ★

It may be doubted whether any man lacking dictatorial powers has ever in history had so great a burden to bear as Mr. Neville Chamberlain ; and it is one of the curiosities of the odd times in which we live that few have ever been pursued—by a small *claque* only, it is true—with such unrelenting rancour. This is really very singular, for it would be difficult to find any public man more habitually courteous, and none of those who assail him loudest, even those whose personal knowledge of him is so slight as to enable them to announce that he is 'tired and dispirited', have at any time offered an alternative to that which most moved them to anger, the events which are loosely called 'Munich'. But that troubles them not at all : they railed against him when he returned without war, when for the sake of millions he was compelled to accept Hitler's word at its face value—they rail the more when, strongly armed, he stands firm. The one was 'appeasement', uttered with a sneer ; the other is 'war-mongering'. But does the mountain care for the midges ? Fortunately for democracy, the answer is in the negative.

★ ★ ★

The United States of America, a land and people many of us love, is passing through an uncomfortable stage of psychological growth. Powerful and aloof, supremely sensitive to criticism, and persistently intent on offering criticism to others, she is beginning to find that neither nations nor individuals can have a thing both ways. Power begets responsibility, aloofness turns aside from it, criticism begets criticism: it is not the happiest of circles. To the dispassionate it would seem that she should either be concerned with Europe or not be offended if her point of view carries less weight in Europe than she would wish.

* * *

‘I am a most peaceful person—provided I get what I want. I desire to abstain from getting my way forcibly as long as I do get it. I will gladly enter into negotiations if it is clearly understood and accepted beforehand that as a result the decision is exactly in accordance with my demands.’ No, these are not the utterances of a lunatic, but of a man who has been described as very clever: on this basis Herr Hitler has won his reputation rather easily—so it would still seem.

* * *

New words are no doubt necessary to a living language, but some inventions are worse than barbarous. Picking up an issue of a new aeronautical journal I was taken aback to see ‘De-Gorellisation’ as the heading to a paragraph commenting upon the supposed differences to be found between views expressed by the Committee on the Control of Flying I have recently presided over, and by that over which I presided five years ago—and later in the commentary there was the additional barbarity of a reference to this ‘neo-Gorell’ Committee. Fame is all very well, but it can be too

dearly bought. I have appealed to my friend and fighter, A. P. Herbert, for protection.

★ ★ ★

Quickly as the world moves, it will be long indeed before one event of this summer is forgotten—and a fitting record of it, *Their Majesties' Visit to Canada, The United States and Newfoundland*, has been issued on behalf of King George's Jubilee Trust by Macmillan (3s. 6d. n.). This consists of many photographs, and the principal speeches, by their Majesties, by Mr. Mackenzie King and by President Roosevelt. It will be treasured far and wide, and for many a year to come—even though, as all on the other side of the Atlantic agreed, no photographs really do justice to the dignity of the King or the beauty of the Queen : but if a beginning is once made of the tributes, public and private, paid to these wonderful travellers there will be no ending. They came, they saw, they conquered—no more and no less is the simple truth here recorded.

★ ★ ★

Of another kind but in its own way of simplicity and truth very attractive is a second book of photographs with no speeches, only a line or two of description to each, namely, *A House in the Woods* (Black, 3s. 6d. n.), Phyllis Kelway's pictorial record of the little folk, squirrels, red and gray, owls, mice, hedgehogs, willow wrens, puss moth, and the like who inhabited the woodman's little house. A book to be gazed at with enjoyment and interest by both young and old nature-lovers.

★ ★ ★

The number of ladies of youthful years and attractive appearance who both travel alone in unexpected and little known places of the earth, and then add to their achievement by the production of an excellent book is surprisingly

large : among them must now be numbered one who is also of another company, which may be termed surprisingly large, namely, those who have been introduced to the world of letters by the CORNHILL. The latest addition to both companies is Mona Gardner, who has now followed up her several contributions to these columns by a really fine book. *Menacing Sun* (Murray, 15s. n.) is accurately, but perhaps not very attractively, titled ; no other criticism is possible. This is the account of Mrs. Tait's wanderings and observations in Indo-China, Siam, Malaya, the East Indies, India and Ceylon—an unusually wide field, all grouped together and unified by the writer's sympathetic and searching eye and her skill in description, all too—or almost all—under the shadow of the ambition of Japan, the sinister sun of the Far East. There is much to ponder over in these pages, there is even more to enjoy. Take this, at the beginning of an entrancing chapter on Bali :—‘I don't know why we are so naïve as to want nature to surprise and shock us with each new scene ; but we are. Travellers usually feel they have got cash value when they can say a place took their breath away. It seems to me there is more astuteness in a child's bland acceptance of it—that nothing is strange or extreme in nature.’

The whole book has this quality of penetrative imagination, and is as attractive and interesting a record of journeyings as can be found.

* * *

Lady Eleanor Smith is another of the young feminine company who have both travelled and written, but with a difference. Up to now her travels have been her own, and her writings have been, in form at any rate, fiction. Her latest book is autobiographical and records her travels, but these are incidental to her experiences : her purpose is neither to describe places nor to analyse movements, but to record

the events and thoughts of her life. The title—as in Mona Gardner's—is perhaps not the happiest : *Life's a Circus* (Longmans, 12s. 6d. n.) does not, even in spite of her attachment to the circus and to gypsies generally and of the quip as to 'F.E.'s Circus,' quite suggest what is in fact to be found within—but it would be hard indeed to do that. As in the case of Mona Gardner's book no other criticism can be offered : this is one of the most engaging and delightful books of our time. Even those who have read the author's succession of well-known novels, even those who still retain a clear recollection of that singular blend of intellect and impudence which was peculiarly F.E.'s can hardly have anticipated from the author, F.E.'s daughter, such a sparkling affair as this : from first to last it is as vivacious writing as any one can desire and supremely merry and good tempered withal. Of the constant chain of peaks I select three as the highest of all, the admirable chapter, 'My Father'—a most difficult one for a daughter to write, especially of a father so written about, and so unusual—the brilliant revenge, perpetrated on Lady Eleanor's brother and sister for 'their monstrous behaviour in Almenia' ; she told 'all the beggars that they were rich and mad, and that they loved to give money away', which as she simply adds, was 'remarkably successful' and, third, Kid Spider's proposal of marriage. My one and only regret is that I did not happen to be at St. Albemarle Street on the evening when 'Aurora danced the *farruca*, while Starkie played the fiddle.' Shades, not so much of Borrow, as of J.Ms I, II, III and IV !

★ ★ ★

Poets, as any one who has ever written, or tried to write, poetry knows, are popularly believed to be impractical people well content to live lives of introspective vanity supported financially by others ; but in actual fact it can be

established that with only a few exceptions the great poets of the world have been first and foremost men of self-respect and independence, both of mind and money. It is the lesser fry who bolster up the popular belief; and now a volume has appeared which will no doubt be used as ammunition. Few writers can have been at once so impressed with the value of their own contribution to literature and so willing to accept financial support from others as Mr. D'Arcy Cresswell of New Zealand: nine years ago, so new readers are informed, he published the first part of his autobiography; the second part, entitled, it is not clear why, *Present without Leave* (Cassell, 7s. 6d. n.)—though perhaps a better title would have been 'Presents without Thanks'—carries on the quaint story, with detailed explanations of how and why certain lines of the author's were written and elaborated accounts of his experiences and borrowings both in London under the generous wings of Sir William Rothenstein and Sir Edward Marsh and in New Zealand, where he tells, amongst other things, of his scorn for a Governor-General who, kindly but mistakenly, offered to help him to get some work by which he could support himself. Mr. Cresswell incidentally tells us that he does not believe 'the people in control here mean business'; they are, he admits, getting to work. 'But,' he adds, 'it's not for the poor and despairing, it's for themselves'—what this means who can say? Altogether an odd book with a flavour as curiously out of date as it is egotistic—and at times naïve in the extreme: surely it hardly needed the acumen of Arnold Bennett to point out that the words 'between us and thou' could be improved. For some reason, unexplained, the book is printed throughout as a continuous whole, in numbered paragraphs like a blue book, with which it has no other resemblance.

G.

THE 'CORNHILL' COMPETITION.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 191.

PRIZES of books to the value of £1, from John Murray's catalogue, are offered to the two solvers whose letters are first opened. Answers, containing the coupon from page v, must be addressed to the Acrostic Editor, 50 Albemarle Street, W.1, and must reach him by 31st September.

'Ye have been ——— and ———,
Ye have been fill'd with flowers,'

1. 'Beside the lake, beneath the trees;
——— and dancing in the breeze.'
2. 'And nearer to the ———'s trembling edge
There grew broad flag-flowers, purple prank'd with
white,'
3. 'And now I see with ——— serene
The very pulse of the machine'
4. 'To glide a sunbeam by the blasted Pine,
To sit a star upon the sparkling ——— ;'
5. 'And wisest clerks have missed the mark,
Why ——— buds, like this, should fall
More brief than fly ephemeral
That has his day ;'

Answer to Acrostic 189, July number : 'As this pale taper's earthly spark, To yonder argent round' (Tennyson : 'St. Agnes' Eve'). 1. YeA (Nicholas Breton : 'Phillida and Corydon'). 2. O'eR (Shakespeare : 'It was a Lover and his Lass'). 3. NothinG (John Donne : 'The Dream'). 4. DeparturE (William Browne : 'Memory'). 5. ElysiaN (Milton : 'L'Allegro'). 6. RichesT (Richard Crashaw : 'The Weeper').

The first correct answers opened were sent by Miss Mary Gladys Goodfellow, 13 St. Paul's Road, Weston-super-Mare, Somerset, and Major Luard, 14 Woodlane, Falmouth, who are invited to choose books as mentioned above. N.B.—Sources need not be given.

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